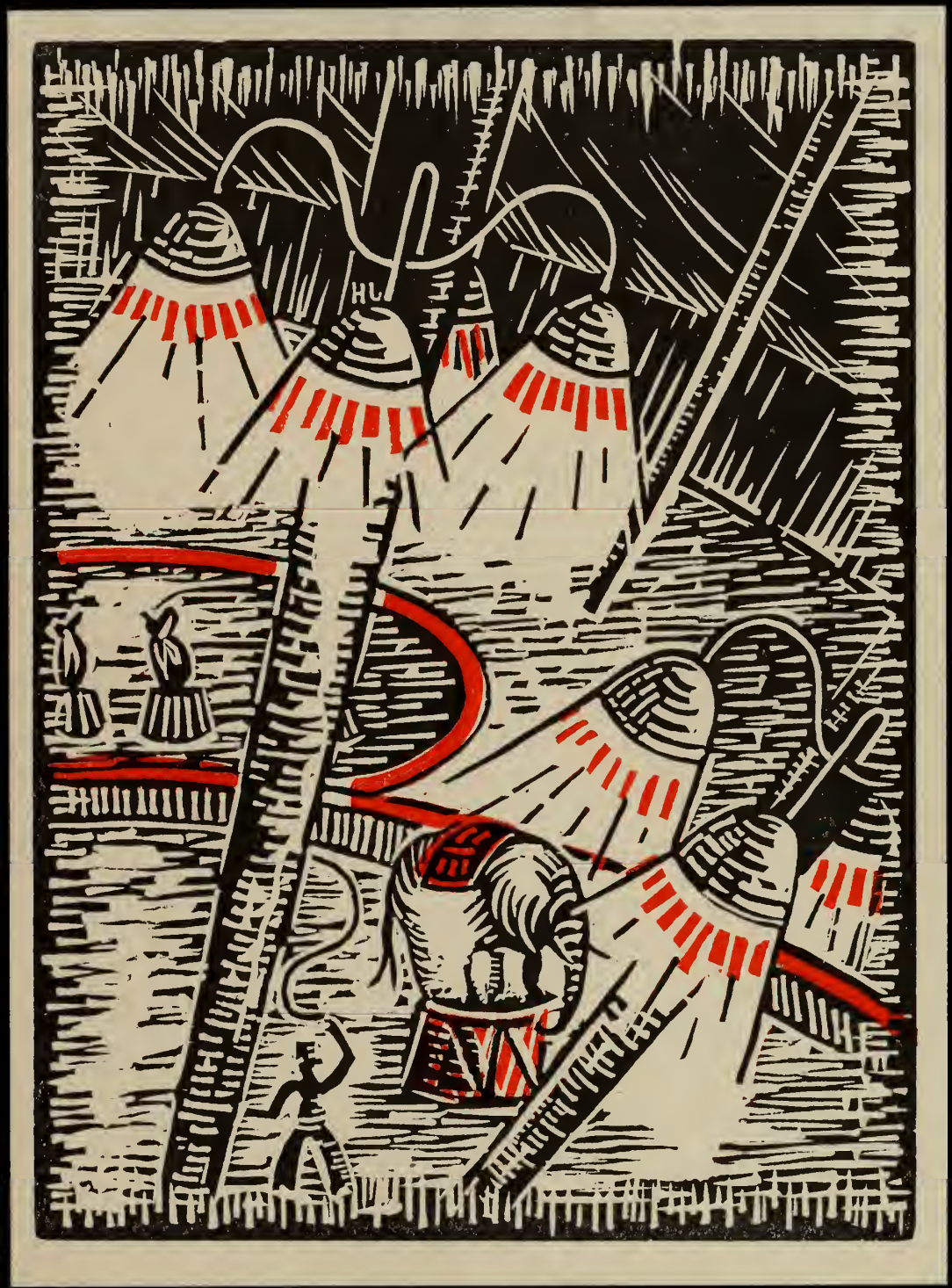
U and I

1933



UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
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U AND I

University High School Annual

Published by
THE SENIOR CLASS

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY

JUNE, 1933
Volume Twelve

University of Illinois High School
Urbana, Illinois

DEDICATION

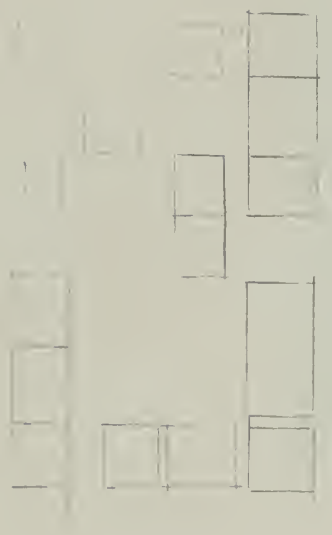
In genuine sincerity do we dedicate our annual to Mr. Sanford whose never-failing interest in our numerous activities has taught us the joys of fine sportsmanship and of true school spirit.

MR. C. W. SANFORD, *Principal*

FOREWORD

The Class of 1933 presents this Senior Publication to the instructors who have guided us in work and play, to the friends who have shared our happy hours, and to those whom we leave behind—in deed, but not in thought—to uphold our by-gone responsibilities. To preserve the singular happiness of high school days in the hearts of our classmates and friends, we present this—our "memory book."

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.



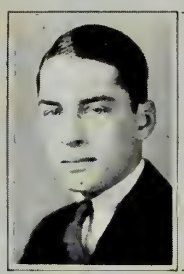
U and I STAFF

MARGARET NEWCOMB
Editor-in-Chief

1933

BILL DAVIS
Business Mgr.

BETTY FRIEND
Circulation Mgr.



JOE WOOTERS
Advertising Mgr.

WARREN LEWIS
Typographer

CHRISTINE BROCK
Joke Editor

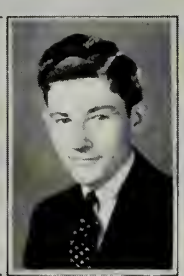
CHARLES BIDWELL
Sports Editor

GEORGIA LEE BULL
Literary Co-Editors

BARBARA RUTH

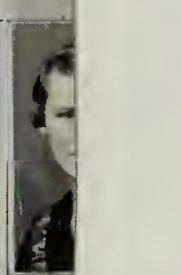
ALICE HAMILTON
Society Co-Editors

ANNA



DICK LITTLE
Photo Editor

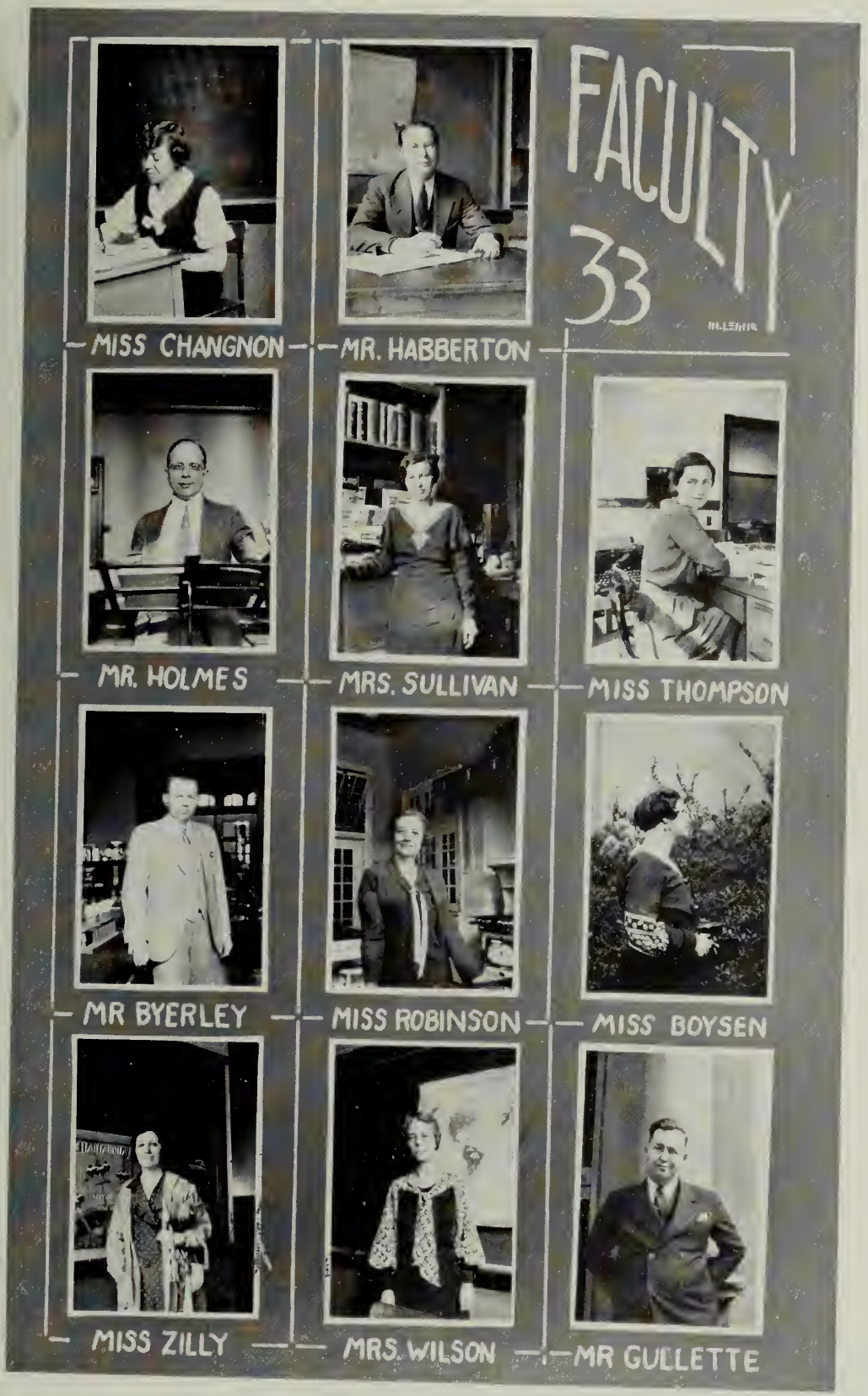
MARTHA CALLEN
Art Editor



DORIS

BARBARA TUTTLE
Typist

UNI. HIGH
19
MRS. HAGAN
MISS McHARRY
MISS KITCHELL
MR. HARNISH
MISS ROSENTHAL
MR. GREGG
MR. LYTLE
MISS HOPKINS
MISS TAYLOR


FACULTY
33
MISS CHANGNON
MR. HABBERTON
MR. HOLMES
MRS. SULLIVAN
MISS THOMPSON
MR BYERLEY
MISS ROBINSON
MISS BOYSEN
MISS ZILLY
MRS. WILSON
MR GULLETTE

TO THE members of the faculty who have so faithfully guided us through our four years of high school life, we dedicate the two foregoing pages.

CLASSES

BRUCE WILLET BENEDICT—*Benny*

Hi-Y, 3, 4, Secretary-treasurer, 4; Track, 4; Stage Manager Junior Play, 4; Class Prophecy; Puppet Making Committee, "Alice in Wonderland," 4.

Why take life seriously, You'll never get out of it alive.

CHARLES W. BIDWELL
Chuck

Urbana High School.
Hi-Y, 3, 4, President, 4; Journalism, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Track, 2, 3, 4; Sports Editor, U and I; U and I Assembly.

The sports page and I—forever.

CHRISTINE J. BROCK
Teen

San Benito High School, Texas, 2.
Dramatic Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Girl Reserves, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club, 4, "You Can't Break It," 4; Jokes and Calender, U and I; Writing of "Alice in Wonderland," 4; Art Committee for Hamlet, 3; U and I assembly.

In order to do great things, one must be enthusiastic.

GEORGIALEE BULL
George

Dramatic Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Girl Reserves, 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club, 2; Journalism, 4; Class Vice-president, 2; Writing of "Uni High in the Sky," 4; "Uni High in the Sky," 4; "You and I," 4; "The High Heart," 4; first place); Commencement Committee; Literary Co-editor, U and I; U and I Assembly; Class Historian.

It's nice to be natural when you're naturally nice.

MARTHA S. CALLEN

Girl Reserves, 1, 2, 3, 4; Tennis Tournament, 3; Art Editor, U and I; Publicity, Junior Play, 3, Senior Play, 3, Dramatic Evening, 3; U and I Assembly.

And she is clever with the brush.

VESPER CHILDS—*Dolly*

Horton High School; Urbana High School.

So mild, so peaceable.

MARY EDNA COLBY

Framingham High School, Mass, 4.
Journalism, 4; Invitation Committee for Commencement; Class Will; Dramatic Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Girl Reserves, 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club, 2; "The High Heart," 4, (first place); Humorous Declamation, 4 (third place); Take My Advice," 3.

Jolly, good-natured, sweet, She's a girl you'll love to meet.

IRMA LORRAINE COLE

Sidney High School.
Girls' Glee Club, 4; "You Can't Break It," 4; Piano Contest, 4, (first place).

In her tongue is the law of kindness.

LUCY CONDIT

Champaign High School.

EVELYN FLORENCE COOK—*Cookie*

Girls' Glee Club, 1;

A little girl with soft ways and a gentle voice.

WILLIAM HENRY DAVIS
Bill

Decatur High School. Dramatic Club, 4; Boys' Glee Club, 4; "You Can't Break It," 4; "Leap Year Bride," 4; State High School Chorus, 4; Cheer Leader, 4; "Alice in Wonderland," 4; Bookkeeping Contest, 4, (fourth place); Business Manager, U and I; U and I Assembly.

Short is my date, but deathless my reknown.

ROBERT W. DEWOLF
Bob

Sidney Lanier High School; San Jacinto High School; Dramatic Club, 3, 4, President, 4; Boys' Glee Club, 3, 4, President, 3, (second semester); "You Can't Break It," 4; Orchestra, 3, 4, Vice-president, 4; Class Secretary, 3; Class President, 4; "Take My Advice," 3; "Miss Lulu Bett," 3; "You and I," 4; "Red Carnations," 3; "The High Heart," 4, (first place); Music Night, 3; Commencement Committee; Snap-shot Editor, U and I; U and I Assembly; Junior Response; Hatchet Oration; Track, 4; "Hamlet," 3; "Alice in Wonderland," 4; "Uni High in the Sky," 4.

Napoleon was also a great man.

JOHN R. EDMONDS

Dramatic Club, 4; "Trifles," 4; "The Exchange," 4; Class Prophecy; "Hamlet," 3; "Alice in Wonderland," 4; "You and I," 4.

Mix reason with pleasure and wisdom with fun.

ROSALYA H. FINSBERG
Rosy

Quincy High School. Glee Club, 3, 4, "Lady Francis," 3, "You Can't Break It," 4, Contest, 3, (first place); Typing Contest, 3; Shorthand Contest, 4, (third place).

Sing, for your voice is the voice of an angel.

MARY ELIZABETH FRIEND—*Betty*

Class Vice-president, 2; Typing Contest, 4; Circulation Manager, U and I; U and I Assembly.

She has friends because she is one.

WILLBURT D. HAM

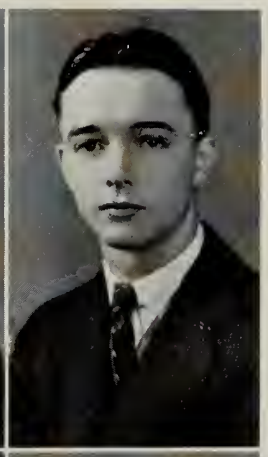
Dramatic Club, 4; Hi-Y, 1, 2, 3, 4, Vice-president, 3; Glee Club, 4; "You Can't Break It," 4; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4, Librarian, 3, 4; "The High Heart," 4, (first place); "Take My Advice," 3; "Milestones," 4; "You and I," 4; Class Vice-president, 3; "Hamlet," 3; "Alice in Wonderland," 4; Commencement Farewell; Typing Contest, 4.

That's brains in that thar head.

BARBARA BENNETT RUTH—*Barb*

Dramatic Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Girl Reserves, 1; Scouts, 1; Orchestra, 1, 2; Journalism, 5, Scribe 5; "The Dyspeptic Ogre," 1; Typing Contest, 3; Essay Contest, 5, (second place); Chairman Commencement Committee; Literary Co-editor, U and I; U and I Assembly; "Alice in Wonderland," 5; Chairman Class Day; Class President, 1;

A quiet girl—Sometimes!



CHARLES W. SCHLATTER

Urbana High School.
Boys' Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4, Librarian, 4; Music night, 3; "You Can't Break It," 4; Track, 3, 4.

He looks as lazy as he is, but he is not as lazy as he looks.

GERALD C. SMITH
Jerry

U. Pawling Preparatory School.
Dramatic Club, 4; Boys' Glee Club, 4, "You Can't Break It," 4; "You and I," 4; Basketball, 4; Track, 4.

Well, here I am!

ALBERT STERN—*Al*

Champaign High School
Hi-Y, 1; Boys' Glee Club, 4, "You Can't Break It," 4.

To be or not to be——

GLADYS STOUT

Girls' Glee Club, 1; Class Vice-president, 2; "Whippersnappers," 3.

Full of good humor and pep.

CLARENCE EUGENE TARPLEY

Dramatic Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y, 1, 2, 3, 4, President, 3; Boys' Glee Club, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Journalism, 4; "Finger of God," 2; Tennis, 2; Oration, 1, (second place), 2, (second place); Manager of "Hamlet," 3; "Alice in Wonderland," 4; Class Will.

There is one task for each man in the world, and two for me.

VIVIAN TAYLOR

Girls' Glee Club, 1, accompanist, 1; "Hamlet," 3; Class Will.

Nothing is impossible to a willing heart.

BARBARA FRANCES TUTTLE

Dramatic Club, 3, 4; Girl Reserves, 1, 2, 3, 4, Vice-president, 3; Girls' Glee Club, 1, 4; Student Council, 4; "Hamlet," 3; Typist, U and I; U and I Assembly; General Chairman Basketball Supper; "Take My Advice," 3; "You Can't Break It," 4; Class Prophecy.

Here's a lady, light and fair
Pretty, peppy—beware.

JOSEPH S. WOOTERS
Joe

Dramatic Club, 4; Class Treasurer, 1; Class Vice-president, 4; "Take My Advice," 3; "The High Heart," 4, (first place); Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Track, 4; Student Council, 4; Hi-Y, 3; Advertising Manager, U and I; Class Day Students' Welcome, 4; U and I Assembly, 4.

Why should the devil have all the good times.

DONALD E. BOUDREAU
Don

Urbana High School.
Hi-Y, 2; Basketball, 2, 3, 4.

A little shrimp, but a very tasty morsel.

EDGAR O. HUGHES—*Ed*

Champaign High School.
Tennis, 3, Captain; "Alice in Wonderland," 4.

I love not the ladies less
But love the fellows more.

BETH CHASE

St. Mary's School, N. C.
Dramatic Club, 3, 4; "You and I," 4; "Seaweed," 3.

She smiles, she speaks, they come.

VAN T. HOLSTLAW
Vick

Urbana High School.
Hi-Y, 2, 3, 4; Boys' Glee Club, 2, 3, 4, "You Can't Break It," 4; Orchestra, 2, 3; Track, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 3, 4.

Let thy words be few.

ROLAND G. HYDE
Hydie

Crawfordsville High School; Mahomet High School; Champaign High School.
Student Council, 4.

My thoughts are my own possessions.

EVERETT TURNER
Ebbie

Urbana High School.
Basketball, 3.

He is a little chimney and heated hot in the moment.

Commencement Calendar

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

Sunday, June 4, 8 p. m.

Little Theatre, Lincoln Hall

Processional, "Marche Romaine" (*Gounod*) . . . . Orchestra
Invocation . . . . . Reverend Harmon Gehr
Universalist Church, Urbana
"Lift Thine Eyes," from Elijah (*Mendelssohn*) . . Girls' Chorus
Scripture . . . . . Reverend Harmon Gehr
Male Quartet, "Glorious Apollo" (*Webbe*)
William Davis, Robert DeWolf, Richard Little, Willburt Ham
Sermon . . . . . Reverend Adolph Bohn
First Presbyterian Church, Champaign
"Ave Verum" (*Mozart*) . . . . . Mixed Chorus
Benediction . . . . . Reverend Harmon Gehr

PARENT-TEACHERS AND CLASS DAY BANQUET

Monday, June 5, 6 p. m.

High School Gymnasium

President's Welcome . . . . . Joseph Wooters
Parents' Response . . . . . Mr. G. P. Tuttle
Class History . . . . . Georgialee Bull
Class Poem . . . . . Margaret Newcomb
Class Will—Carlyn Reineberg, Arthur Lewis, Mary Edna Colby, Delbert Harms, Vivian Taylor, Clarence Tarpley, Christine Brock
Class Prophecy—Alice Hamilton, Barbara Tuttle, John Edmonds, Catherine Malloy, Dennis Houlihan, Bruce Benedict
Hatchet Oration . . . . . Robert DeWolf
Junior Response . . . . . Melville Kennedy

COMMENCEMENT

Tuesday, June 6, 8 p. m.

Little Theatre, Lincoln Hall

Processional, "America the Beautiful" (*Ward*) . . . . Orchestra
Invocation . . . . . Reverend Melville T. Kennedy
First Congregational Church, Champaign
"Little Dutch Lullaby" (*Stair*) . . . . . Girls' Chorus
Welcome . . . . . Annamarie Kunz
Trio, "Dance of the Reed Flutes" (*Tschaikovsky*)
Clarence Tarpley, Richard Little, Willburt Ham
Commencement Address . . . . Professor Edward H. Cameron
Professor of Educational Psychology
"Songs My Mother Taught Me" (*Dvoräk*) . . . . Boys' Chorus
Farewell . . . . . Willburt Ham
Presentation of Diplomas . . . . Dean Thomas E. Benner
Dean of College of Education
Presentation of American History Award . . . Mrs. C. H. Johnston
Representative, Daughters of the American Revolution
Benediction . . . . . Reverend Melville T. Kennedy
Recessional, "Blue and Orange" (*Moore*) . . . . Orchestra

There Is a Tiny Postern Gate

There is a tiny postern gate
In the castle of every soul;
Where, when we all have entered there,
We reach the common goal.

There, we'll have time to turn our gaze
On what we've been and done
In this old world of childhood days,
Of moon, of stars, of sun;
Of every kind of simple joy,
As walking in the rain,
As climbing some steep wooded hill
And coming down again.

There, we'll look back upon our lives,
Stretched out like great highways,
To see with bliss that widened place
Which we call "high school days"
Where we have known and loved and shared
The joys of friendliness;
Been guided in our work and play;
Have seen much loveliness.

* * * *

We have but once to live this life
Of earthly consequence;
But then, when our one chance is gone,
We'll ask no recompense
Except to hold as memories dear
Each crossing of our lives,
Impressions of each kindly word,
Love's dream that never dies.

And if we have not reached the height
We set out to attain,
We'll profit by the strides we've made
Through our material gain
When we have reached that postern gate
In the castle of every soul
Where soon we all must enter in
To reach the heavenly goal.

—Margaret Newcomb.

Senior Class History–'33

Four years have passed since the Class of '33 entered University High School as timid Freshmen. During these four years, we have learned much—not only from our textbooks but also from our experiences. We have learned to manage, we have learned to co-operate, we have learned to consider others as well as ourselves. Some of the experiences through which we have gained this knowledge have been unpleasant—we do not care to look back upon them. But the joys we have gained from the possession of these qualities already outweigh the trials we have experienced in gaining them.

During our sojourn at University High School, two major changes have occurred. Mr. L. W. Williams, who was our principal during our first three years at Uni High, left us to take up new work in the College of Education. He was succeeded by Mr. C. W. Sanford. We deeply regretted the departure of Mr. Williams, but we are glad that such a happy selection for his successor was made.

The second change was the admission of seventh and eighth grade pupils—known to us as Sub-Freshmen. We have enjoyed having the unobtrusive Sub-Freshmen with us. They are such a relief after these obstreperous Freshmen and Sophomores.

We, the Class of '33, have participated in many activities. Among our members are leaders in the Girl Reserves, the Hi-Y, the Journalism, and the Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs. Since our Sophomore year, our boys have formed the nucleus of the basketball and track teams. We have shown our prowess in dramatics by giving excellent performances in "Take My Advice"; the county contest play; in many dramatic evenings; and in the puppet shows, "Hamlet" and "Alice in Wonderland." We have not, however, neglected the factor of most importance—scholarship. All of us have tried to uphold the high standard of our school.

But we must not boast of our achievements. What we have done will speak for itself. Let us remember that the class of 1933 is but one of a long line of classes in the history of this school and that each of its predecessors has contributed its share. It is safe to say that the Class of '33 has tried to further wholesome interests and to promote good fellowship. Its history to you is the impression we leave; its history to us is pleasant memories.

Georgialee Bull.

Class Will–1933

We, the remaining nitwits of the Senior Class, do hereby swear by the gates of Hades in the presence of the honorable Professor Sanford the remaining document of our last testament which was composed to the best of our meager ability and our enlarged knowledge of the actions, characteristics, and idiosyncrasies of our fellow classmates.

Bruce Benedict hereby bequeaths his inexhaustible supply of slang to Betty Lohmann. Don't get too reckless, Betty.

Georgialee Bull bestows her Greta Garbo walk to Ilse Aron.

Martha Callen leaves her domineering nature to Miss Bell, a history practice teacher. Think you can use it, Miss Bell?

To all effervescent Freshmen, Beth Chase leaves her sublime indifference.

Vesper Childs wills her ability to stay out of the limelight to Paul Jones.

Bill Davis bequeaths his would-be way with the women to Gil Wakeley. We hope you'll succeed some day, boys.

Delbert Harms leaves his midnight escapades (well, maybe they were a *wee* bit after) to all you whose parents never fail to hear the curfew.

Irma Cole wills her talkativeness (editor's note—Oh, Yeah!) to Florence Wise.

Evelyn Cook sadly wills her vocabulary to Mr. Habberton whose pupils can always be sure of getting a job editing dictionaries if nothing else turns up.

Bob DeWolf leaves his ill-founded conceit to Billy Boudreau.

Mary Edna Colby bequeaths her love for 1916 cars (we hope you'll always remain the same old-fashioned girl, Mary) to Herschel Meis.

To those chattering sophomores, Christine Brock leaves the latest gossip.

Vivian Taylor bequeaths her even temper to Mary Card.

Betty Friend bestows "dem dere dimples" upon Catherine Houlihan.

Anne Mueller presents her earrings to Rex Hall. Take good care of them, Rex.

Carlyn Reineberg wills her ability to skip gym to Charlotte Herman. Here's hoping you can get away with it better than your predecessor, Charlotte.

Gerald Smith is willing to give his car to anyone who will be able to drive it when he's through.

Gladys Stout bequeaths her coy manners to Mel Kennedy.

Joe Wooters wills his argumentative ability (somehow he always manages to come out on top, too) to James Tobin.

Everett Turner leaves his ability to kill time to our over-worked faculty.

Dick Little wills his puny puns to Madlyn Greenwood.

Catherine Malloy bestows her admirable independence to Kitty Stiven.

Doris Putnam leaves her modest blushes to Ronald Stockwill. We'll make you modest yet, Ronald.

Rajeane Reynolds bequeaths her ability to domineer the classrooms (would there were a few more like her) to Jimmy Rounds.

Barbara Ruth leaves her passion for the south attic (are you sure it's the puppets, Bibs?) to Ellen Schnebly.

Don Boudreau wills his theme song (Don insists it's entirely original) to Miss Kitchell. At last you have a prodigy in your class, Miss Kitchell.

Charles Bidwell reluctantly bestows his "Wild Irish Rose" on Doc Beard.

Peggy Newcomb bestows her always perfect coiffure upon Emily Ruth. (A movie star yet, Emily.)

Clarence Tarpley wills his puppets to the junk heap. Let's hope they'll take them.

Rosalya Finsberg entrusts her red nail polish to Lewis Williams.

Barbara Tuttle bestows her Dempsey punch upon Mary Ann Dorner.

Willburt Ham wills his south campus walks to those whom spring affects.

Alice Hamilton leaves her charming little self to Bob Humphrey.

Dennis Houlihan leaves his fighting Irish Spirit to Roger Williams. When are you taking on Dempsey, Roger?

Harry Heddins is forced to leave his Charleston passion to John Krouse.

Van Holstlaw wills his ability to recite to Charles Zelany. You'll be a Phi Beta yet, Chuck.

Ed Hughes leaves his ability as a tennis player (he actually hits the ball every time he tries) to Mark Fisher.

Rolland Hyde wills his mechanical ability to Harrison Ruehe.

Annamarie Kunz leaves her conscientiousness to the habitual skippers.

Warren Lewis leaves his art gallery (you surely have taste, Warren) to paper the puppet room.

Max Kirby wills his bookkeeping set to Edith Squires.

Art Lewis bequeaths his ability as an orchestra director to that aspiring—or rather inspiring—musician, Donald Howard.

Virginia Palfrey has consented to give her even disposition to Betty Krase.

John Edmonds wills his perverted sense of humor to Douglas Brogden.

Albert Stern just leaves.

Having reached the highest position possible in a high school education, having shown all our dignity, charm and ability as a class, we, the Seniors, do sign and seal this document as our last will and testament this fifth day of June, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-three.

Carlyn Reineberg
Clarence Tarpley
Mary Edna Colby
Delbert Harms
Arthur Lewis
Christine Brock
Vivian Taylor

Class Prophecy—1933

Occasion—1933 Class Reunion
Place—Crystal Lake Park
Time—Early evening in 1953

The last time we saw our famed Mr. Tarpley, he was in a padded cell with puppets surrounding him on all sides. Poor Clarence!

Joe Wooters, who took over his dad's plumbing business, has just received a bid to install some new showers in the Uni High gym.

Rosalya Finsberg has just signed a contract to be a featured singer in Art Lewis' "Royal Discords," Champaign's famous dance orchestra.

Rajeane Reynolds is now managing "Ye Snootzy-Wootzy Tea Room" in Africa. It's going over big, too.

In the new society pages, we notice that Catherine Malloy has just missed becoming one of New York's 400 because she was the 401!

Mr. and Mrs. John Robert Edmonds (nee Mary Edna Colby) divide their valuable time between their palatial rowboat, "The Tub," and their hot dog stand.

Richard Little, disappointed in love, has joined Frink and Horsley in their coffee business and drives the delivery truck.

Miss Vivianne Taylah is now making her forty-second farewell tour. She plays the piano, you know.

Our dear Gladys Stout is now an inmate of an old ladies' home.

Everett Turner, the wizard electrician at the U. of I., has just invented a new way of lighting Christmas trees. And by the way, he conceived the idea while fixing a flat tire on his sporty Packard roadster.

Harry Heddins is now working in a famous Champaign restaurant draining calories out of soup. Quite a job you've got, Harry!

Bill Davis' latest publication, "Attempts at Making Love," is proving a huge success. Is he still doing it?

Bruce Benedict is a bell boy in a snooty hotel in Yellowstone National Park.

Carlyn Reineberg is getting along in Hollywood. She's an understudy of Zasu Pitts.

Our sweet Virginia Palfrey has turned decidedly Socialist. Whatever could have happened? The last time we heard, she was deported from the country for spreading dangerous propaganda.

Our dear Albert Stern is now testing mattresses for Sears and Roebuck.

Jerry Smith has become a great opera singer but is also just one of those fellows who always grabs the stool when there's a piano to be moved.

Doris Putnam is just a girl hobo who travels around the country and has a grand time.

Max Kirby, who married Anne Mueller, has become a professional boxer. He gets plenty of training at home!

Annamarie Kunz has become a leader in society circles and annually receives large sums of money from the leading automobile manufacturers for her testimonials about their cars.

Arthur and Warren Lewis are the chief photographers for French Art Studies Magazine. They retain the "Royal Discords" as a side line.

Georgialee is now teaching the Sub-Freshmen at Uni High. Lucky George!

Ed Hughes and certain of his companions are testing rumble seats. What's that?

Beth Chase is now matron of an elite girls' reformatory.

Evelyn Cook is demonstrating the latest in coiffures in a shop on Fifth Avenue, New York.

Don Boudreau sells peanuts at the Olympic games every four years.

Irma Cole now has taken the place of Clara in that famous trio—Clara, Lou, and Em. They decided she was better than Clara herself.

Christine Brock is a semi-famous playwright, who writes when and where she feels like it. Sort of temperamental like.

Barbara Ruth is still writing essays. Her collection contains to date 100,526,633 which she vainly tries to rent out for one cent per day.

Bob DeWolf is still an extra out in Hollywood trying hard to get ahead in the theatrical world.

Alice Hamilton is an inmate of Kankakee. Poor Alice! She worked one too many jig-saws.

Delbert Harms is Uni High's one and only millionaire bachelor. What ever happened, Del?

Vesper Childs is the main attraction in Cab Calloway's orchestra. She's that wonderful torch singer.

Betty Friend is employed in Van Holstlaw's office (he's in the dairy business) as an ideal secretary.

Dennis Houlihan has just returned from Ireland. Denny went over a bachelor, but he is returning—a husband.

Barbara Tuttle is doing social service work. She's a *very* changed girl, now.

Peggy Newcomb is teaching the children in India, now. 'Nuf said!

Charles Schlatter is a big business man on Wall Street. No more Austins for Chuck.

Charles Bidwell holds the position as "bouncer-out" at Five Points.

Willburt Ham has discovered a novel way of getting rid of dandelions. He digs them from yards and then transplants them in China. The Chinese think they're rare flowers.

Alice Hamilton
Barbara Tuttle
John Edmonds
Catherine Malloy
Dennis Houlihan
Bruce Benedict

Students' Welcome—Class Night

Tonight we are about to set our sails to embark upon a new course. Some will sail the treacherous sea which leads to success and fame in the business world. Some of us will go on with our education by entering college. Some talented few may enter the study of arts, music, painting, or sculpture. No matter what course we take, it will be new to us.

In order to reach the starting point for this new voyage, we have safely navigated our four years of high school work. As Freshmen we were timid and inexperienced sailors, not knowing which course to take or how to go about reaching our destination. As Sophomores we felt very experienced and sure of ourselves. Many were the pranks we played on the new and unsuspecting Freshmen. As Juniors we had been promoted. We were then upper classmen and officers on the good ship "Uni High." As Seniors we were commanding officers, and we felt the responsibility of conducting the good ship safely into port. We shall long remember the joys and friendships of this four year voyage. The thought of our days at Uni High will always bring back cherished memories.

Tonight is the last night of our careers in which we will feel free to dispense with the orthodoxies of conduct and literally to make fools of ourselves. We ask you to be lenient. Do not judge us too harshly.

On behalf of the Senior Class, I welcome you to the twelfth annual class day exercises of University High School.

Joseph Wooters

Welcome—Commencement

We Seniors find it very difficult to comprehend the full meaning of tonight. We have attained a goal—a goal for which we have striven for four, even twelve, years. We have reached one of the greatest landmarks of our lives. Never again shall we be that part of youth which we have been. Some of our most precious years have slipped into the past; now we look into the future with expectation, hope, anticipation. As Larry put it, we are going "from second into high." Our high school years have been the "second" in which we have gained sufficient power in the form of knowledge to enable us to shift into college "high."

During our four years in high school we have learned many things. We have attained knowledge from books, but we have learned more than that. We have learned to appreciate in a measure the meaning of responsibility, in that we have tried to pursue our studies in a satisfactory way. We realize the importance of co-operation with teachers and fellow-students alike. Had it not been for this co-operation, it would have been impossible for us to give our class plays, to present the puppet shows, and to publish this year's annual. We appreciate the necessity for honesty while at work and at play; likewise, we know quite well the meaning of dependability, for we have often been relied upon while working in the different organizations about school. We also realize the significance of perseverance. Many were the times when we thought that we might fail in our various projects, but the courage to keep at our work brought us to the desired accomplishment. We have learned to esteem friendship; in fact, we have made friends whom we hope to keep through life. We are ambitious to leave this school with the desire to "seek to do that which is right and noble!"

Soon we shall obtain our diplomas, which are the material rewards for our efforts. We realize that had it not been for all of you—our teachers, friends, and parents—who have helped us willingly and devotedly along the way, we should not be here tonight. We wish to express our gratitude and appreciation for everything which you have done for us.

At this extraordinary event in our lives, we are filled with a feeling of happiness. The presence of dear ones brings to us added felicity. We hope you will enjoy this occasion with us this evening.

In behalf of the Senior Class of nineteen hundred and thirty-three I wish to welcome you most sincerely to *our* commencement, the twelfth annual Commencement of University High School.

Annamarie Kunz

Hatchet Oration

Just one year ago last night, as a representative of the Class of '33, I received this little weapon, this battle-scarred instrument as a symbol of the power and authority of the Senior Class. Now, tonight, this hatchet must be handed on to the, I fear, less competent class of '34 for the coming year. Perhaps I shouldn't have said "less competent"; for perhaps this is jumping at conclusions. Allow me, however, to cite an example of the average intelligence of the Junior Class members. You may judge for yourselves as to their competence in seriously accepting this weapon and all its great powers.

Not long ago, I heard Fred Tanner making a desperate attempt to make clear to Mr. Harnish quite everything that he knew on the subject of gravity. Finally he made this closing sentence to sum up his knowledge. "Gravity was discovered by Isaac Walton. It is chiefly noticeable in the Autumn when the apples are falling off the trees." And so our Juniors take over the hatchet to wield it wisely!

The Senior Class has had a very difficult time trying to find even *one* Junior whom they believed worthy to accept this symbolic weapon. We were all quite undecided until one of the class brought us a paper which was found in the halls of the school. It happened to be a history test paper, and upon it we found this very noble attempt to identify one of the Greek mythical characters. It was this: "Achilles was the boy whose mother dipped him in the River Stinx until he was intollerable." After seeing this clever answer and learning the owner of the paper, we had no doubt as to the Junior to call upon. Will Mel Kennedy please come forward?

At this time, we, the members of the Senior Class hand the traditional hatchet down to the Junior Class. We are not dictating or even suggesting uses for this instrument. When we received the weapon, it was with definite, in fact, quite imperative suggestions as to its use; of course we followed these implicitly. For instance, we were asked to mutilate the detention hall in order to make things easier for the poor unfortunates within. I've wondered several times since then whether or not this request was made especially for those few such as Catherine Clifford or Barbara Tuttle or even Carlyn Reineberg. Regardless for whose benefit the request was made, with the hatchet in the possession of our class, even we, the modest Seniors, are forced to admit that the detention hall has disappeared from the face of the earth. Perhaps Edith Squires and Alice Hamilton should thank us for that also.—But, be it as it may, with no more cutting remarks, we hope that you may have success during your career with the hatchet. Sincerely, we wish you the best of luck in all of your work and with all your workers, and may you wield this hatchet in a true University High style; hold it high; use it wisely.

Robert DeWolf

Junior Response

During the three comparatively short years of our school lives together here at Uni High, the Class of '34 has never, I believe, failed to recognize your priority or your advantage over us vested in the experience of one more year. During this past year particularly, from the moment you received this time-honored instrument of warfare, the symbol of superiority and authority, until the present, when it becomes your duty to entrust it to the hands of your successors, we have been notably submissive, even docile in our attitude. This is sheer evidence, however, of our intelligence, the extent of which you Seniors seem so obviously to question. Behind this front, the blind, so to speak, we have been observing closely, taking notes, possibly criticizing in our own minds and formulating new plans and original ideas, or in other words, profiting from all your mistakes and failures as well as successes preparatory to launching a "new deal" for the school year of '33 and '34.

It would be exceedingly interesting to us all if this rather mistreated little hatchet could make known its thoughts tonight. It would doubtless begin by recounting its activities within the hands of one group or another until in its interesting history it would reach the story of its wild time with the Class of '31 and then its period of semi-dormancy in the hands of the group that left us in '32. In considering its past year, the little hatchet would doubtlessly rub its hands with a certain feeling of satisfaction, as anyone would after helping successfully to complete a rather difficult and tedious task. Upon mention of its prospects for the coming year, however, I'm sure the little weapon would break out in a broad grin of unbounded joy and anticipation, particularly after some thought of the ability represented in our select group. Consider, for instance, our list of scholars—Charlotte, Mary Bain, Kitty, any and all of the Margarets, and a number of others, or our dramatists: Ellen, Bobby, Fred, Margaret, and Kitty. Due consideration should be given our athletes, as well, in the persons of Herschel, Freddie, and Paul. Even the various arts are not left without worthy representatives among us,—facts which all go to prove that no class could be better fitted for a year of more excellent, well-rounded activity and accomplishment than that of '34.

You must forgive me, I fear, for letting my enthusiasm run riot, although it is a common fault with the whole of the Class of '34. You must admit, however, that we have stable grounds and reasons for such enthusiasm.

As a last parting word in this connection, I'd like to take the opportunity, Bob, of speaking for the entire Junior Class in praising you Seniors for the way in which you have wielded this weapon during the past year of school. All your enthusiastic activity, your faultless co-operation, and the excellent spirit with which you have proceeded in every case have been a constant inspiration to us. Though your class may bodily pass on across the Bonie, the standard and quality of your whole school life at Uni High will remain here as a goal for us and the other succeeding classes. We all wish you the best that Mother Fortune has to offer in whatever the ensuing years have to unfold.

Melville Kennedy

Farewell Address

We of the Class of 1933 have at last arrived at the goal for which we have been striving for the past four years—years of an interesting development which we can never quite forget. This is our last meeting as a class. Never again shall we all come together as a group. Here, our work is at an end; somewhere else, whether in the work-a-day world or in college, it will begin again.

With fond memories we look back upon our career here at University High School. Many of us coming together as strangers in our Freshman year became acquainted through our classroom associations and outside activities. We have formed contacts and friendships which are dear to us and which we shall long hold in our memories. We feel that our class has been particularly fortunate in having a membership that has co-operated and worked in harmony in all our school activities. Especially has this been true in our Junior and Senior years. We can well remember the assemblies before which we appeared; the plays and operettas in which we participated; the tremendous yet pleasant work connected with puppet shows; and the success of our all-school parties. Our Senior year, crowded with a great many tasks, has been crowned by the "U and I"—an annual which has been well worth our effort and of which we may be justly proud. We trust that we have in all these things set a standard which will be a challenge to those who follow us. To you, University High undergraduates, we leave our alma mater with the confidence of your ability to carry on where we left off.

We have been no less fortunate in having a splendid group of teachers who have encouraged us, inspired us, and helped us in every way possible. It is to these teachers that we are indebted for our development these four years. They have helped relieve the monotony of our work by putting a little spice and variety into it. We have endeavored to receive their comments—even though sometimes critical—with an appreciation of their wide experience and sound judgment. It is with a deep sense of loss and regret that we must leave their wise leadership and sympathetic understanding as we bid them farewell tonight.

Life is a tremendous adventure. This promises to be especially true for us because we are being ushered into a world of change and turmoil. Although we are only high school students, we are keenly aware that great changes are taking place in the political, social, and economic life of our country. None of us can tell for a certainty what the future holds. But danger and uncertainty awaken our minds and stimulate our thoughts, giving us the capacity to face problems with courage and intelligence. Permanence and security are likely to overwhelm us causing life to become stale and boresome. Change makes life an adventure which challenges us to our utmost ability. New and splendid adventures await us; we face them with eagerness and confidence. What lies ahead of us is an opportunity to take part in some of the great moments of history—if we have the imagination to see them and the courage to share them. We may not yet have wisdom and experience, but as youths we have vision and boldness. Therefore, regretfully, yet joyfully as we contemplate our future on the threshold of new opportunities, we, the Class of 1933, bid you—UNI HIGH—teachers and fellow schoolmates—FAREWELL.

Willburt Ham

Back row, left to right: Ruth Baldwin, Margaret Busey, Fred Tanner, Paul Wilson, Dean Keating, James Robertson, Robert Jones, Melville Kennedy, Mary Bain Lehmann, Gilbert Wakeley, Herschel Meis, Katherine Stiven, Margaret Tobie, Charlotte Johnston, Paul Jones, Margaret Trueblood, Stanley Chapman, Edward Burge.
Front row: Miza Taylor, Mary Card, Mary Reynolds, Virginia Cox, Mary Ann Dorner, Edith Squires, Margaret Kunz, Ellen Schnebly, Dorothy Kerr, Catherine Putnam, Madlyn Greenwood, Louise Varney, Helen Nelson.

Junior Class Poem

Our class, the Class of '34,
Abounds in talent, art, and lore.
Each feature of society
Is found in our variety.

Of artists we have quite a score—
Paul Jones, Mary Ann, and many more.
"All round" classmates we have galore—
Louise, Fred, Moey, and James, are four.

In mental feats we're never lacking,
But if our sports should e'er need backing
We'll send the other fellow packing,
With Eddie, Tobie—oh yes—and Mel.

We'll not strain your credibility
But just mention ability
(Not confined to virility)
Of Ellen, Marney, Mary Bain.

Mr. Harnish shocks us to death
Or makes us dye in lab;
But still we can him understand,
If not our verbose, cryptic "Hab."

We're daring, carefree, strong, and gay,
(Or crazy, some unjust may say.)
At least we're not of common clay;
You'll find we're all famous some day.

Charlotte Johnston

The Class of '34

OFFICERS

President . . . . . Louise Varney
Vice-President . . . . . Edward Burge
Secretary . . . . . James Robertson
Treasurer . . . . . Fred Tanner
Advisers . . . Mr. Harnish, Mr. Habberton

As Juniors, we, the Class of '34, lived up to the reputation which we made in our Freshman and Sophomore years. We showed our shrewdness and good judgment in our selection of class officers: Louise Varney, president; Eddie Burge, vice-president; James Robertson, secretary; and Fred Tanner, treasurer. In spite of the depression and closed banks, the candy sales, managed by Margaret Tobie, were very successful in luring stray pennies, nickels, and sometimes even dimes out of their hiding places.

Our Class party was a very fitting prologue to the Christmas vacation. In February we gave our Junior Play, "Milestones," which, thanks to Miss Smith's fine direction and the willing co-operation of the cast and stagehands, was one of the finest dramatic productions ever given at Uni High.

Now the only "Milestone" ahead of us is the Junior-Senior banquet which we hope to make so outstandingly successful that the Seniors will forget there are such things as proficiency examinations, bank moratoriums, and eighteen-day-diets.

Margaret Van Horne '34

Back row, left to right: William Hutchinson, Ronald Rhodes, Rex Hall, Charles Zelany, Randall Hampton, Dale Faulkner, William Lytle, Ralph Hampton, Phillip Faucett, James Tobin, Roger Williams, Howard Beard, Nathan Filbey.

Front row: Donald Smith, Elmer Teter, Donald Howard, Ruth Helen Burlison, Anna Margaret Foster, Eolyne Nichols, Ilse Aron, Catherine Clifford, Dorothy Tuttle, Janice White, Betty Jean Curtis, Florence Wise, Woodward Bach, Thomas Berger, Frank DeWolf.

The Class of '35

Hurrah for the Class of '35
They've got the biggest lot of pep
Of any class alive.
All other classes, no matter how they strive,
Will all be beat, in the final heat,
By the Class of '35.

Class—Class—Class—
They're the classiest class of all.
They class with all the classes
That class with any at all.

Hurrah for their worthy leader.
He's Phillip Faucett by name.
For him is wished long life and health,
And for his acting, great fame.

Now Teter with his high finance
Is sure a shining light.
Vice-president, secretary,
They're known to be all right.

The example they have shown you,
Look to with all your might.
If you keep it e'er before you,
You'll sure come out all right.

So salute the Class, Class, Class,
The classiest class alive.
They're full of success and happiness
That Class of '35.

Eolyne Nichols

Sophomore Class History

OFFICERS

President . . . . . Phillip Faucett
Vice-President . . . . . Nathan Filbey
Secretary . . . . . Donald Smith
Treasurer . . . . . Elmer Teter
Advisers . . . . Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. Byerley

Away back "in the dear dead days beyond recall" a Freshman Class came into being. To the casual observer it was merely another Freshman class, such as the one which had come the previous year, and the year before that, and the year before that. It seemed to consist of the usual grinds and flunkers, studious scholars and plodders. But it was not just the same as any other class, for it was the Class of 1935!

Then in the succeeding year, it came forth, a full blown Sophomore Class. It elected as its officers that intrepid leader, Phillip Faucett as president, with an able assistant in Nathan Filbey. Donald Smith of the fluent pen was made secretary, and thrifty Elmer Teter was appointed treasurer. With these peerless personalities in charge of the class it is inevitable that this class must rise above its predecessors.

Thomas Berger

Back row, left to right: Elizabeth Baldwin, Virginia Varney, Miriam Strawn, Charlotte Herman, Frances Quirke, Nancy Johnson, Elin Kudo, Minnie Faucett, Merle Garber, Doris Mast, Helen Browne, Margaret Secker, Elizabeth Ruth Raymond, Ruby MacIntyre, Adalene Reynolds, Catherine Houlihan, Mary Mueller, Janice Davis, Eleanor Anderson. *Middle row:* Donald Riddell, Martha Strawn, Marjorie Helen Palfrey, Elinor Coble, Virginia Portz, Alma McCullough, Mildred Brannon, Elizabeth Pearce, Elizabeth Anne Williams, Miriam Norman, Mary Simmons, Charles Bussman. *Front row:* Edward Dolch, Arthur Anderson, Sherman Reed, David Marsh, Robert Ensign, Leonard Greenman, William Boudreau, Ira Nichols, John Crandell, Wells Tanner, Lewis Williams, Thomas Shedd, Richard Noyes, Mattis Schesley.

The Class of '36

This year, when first we reached this school,
We started with a bang;
Our merry footsteps in the halls
Upstairs and downstairs rang.

As President our class did then
Don Riddell quickly make,
And, voted second, Bob Ensign
Did follow in his wake.

Peg Coble then was quickly made
Our scribbling secretary;
Tom Shedd was asked to take the dough
To make our party merry.

Miss Boysen and Miss Taylor were
Our class advisers made
So that we'd know if in a fix,
On whom to call for aid.

With these to guide us we have done
One-fourth of our time here;
But three more times we hope that we'll
Come back here for a year.

RICHARD NOYES '36

Class History—'36

President	Donald Riddell
Vice-President	Robert Ensign
Treasurer	Thomas Shedd
Secretary	Elinor Coble

Squad car '36 moved out onto the educational highways. Don Riddell held the wheel with one hand and silenced Robert Ensign, his able assistant and back-seat driver, with the other. The financial troubles were left to Thomas Shedd who was hoping and worrying as to the effects of the possible inflation on our nearly empty money chest. Elinor Coble recorded our wanderings and sessions in a little notebook she just never could remember to bring.

Under this management, car '36 pursued and overcame class enemies such as finances, orchestra, etc., which ventured in its path.

"Calling cars '35, '34, and '33. Go to the Gymnasium for the Freshman Party on Friday evening, April 28th." The last hindrance out of the way, we gave an all-school party. An orchestra, refreshments, and cards provided entertainment for all comers.

Arthur G. Anderson

Back row, left to right: John Dolch, Lois Ann Dallenbach, Jeanne Browne, Harrison Ruehe, Charles O'Dell, Eloise Hoover, Dorothy Spegal, Mary Ann Clark, Arthur Buswell.
Front row: Mark Fisher, Gerald Parks, Warren Smith, June Greenwood, Elizabeth Lohmann, Emily Ruth, Patricia Stone, Elizabeth Krase, Josephine Lehmann, Mary Chapman, Phoebe Vestal, Herbert Meis, Thomas Stafford.

THE SUB-FRESHMEN

Tho' we may be below the level,
  Like little seedlings we shall sprout.
'Ere long we'll grow up tall, and bloom
  As Seniors when four years are out.

Tho' we are not too active now,
  The others don't ignore us much,
The Seniors, Juniors, Sophs, and Fosh
  Help us with our math and such.

So all in all we're not so bad,
  Hardworking and valiant are we,
Striving to reach the top in time.
  'Ray for the Subs of '33!

LOIS ANNE DALLENBACH

Sub-Freshman Class History

OFFICERS

President . . . . . Mary Ann Clark
Vice-President . . . . . John Dolch
Secretary . . . . . Jeanne Browne
Treasurer . . . . . Harrison Ruehe
Advisers . . . . . Mrs. Kurtz, Mr. Gregg

The Sub-Freshman Class is a noble experiment. Only time can tell how successful it will be, for it is the first of the species.

Last spring, a call was sent out for recruits from the sixth grade to come to take an examination to which about forty children responded. A class was to be formed which would take the seventh and eighth grades in one year with the fond hope of the "higher ups" that it would go on through high school a blazing success.

Early in the school term, the class organized with Mary Ann Clark as President; John Dolch as Vice-President; Jeanne Brown as Secretary; and Harrison Ruehe as Treasurer. Mrs. E. M. Kurtz and Mr. Gregg were elected as the advisers.

One of the high-lights of the year was a Hallowe'en party given for us by Mrs. E. W. Lehmann at her home. The decorations, refreshments, and games were all in keeping with the season and were amusing and delightful.

Just before Christmas, the girls of the class, their mothers, and the teachers were invited to a lovely tea given by the advanced domestic science class at the Pi Beta Phi sorority house. The Sub-Freshman girls then organized a Home Economics Club, which met the second Tuesday of each month to eat lunch in the domestic science kitchen with Miss Anna Belle Robinson.

Jeanne Browne and Harrison Ruehe were elected by the class for positions on the student council while Dorothy Spegal and Warren Smith were chosen by the faculty as council members.

John Dolch, Harrison Ruehe, Gerald Parks, and Tommy Stafford took part in an English play given for a P. T. A. assembly under the direction of Miss Rosenthall.

The Sub-Freshmen had a very commendable basketball team which played every Friday afternoon at four o'clock against the Freshmen. Who won? They won't say.

Mary Chapman

LITERARY

Some Points About Pin Points

What a lot of territory pins and their points cover! In the first place the point to pins is that they have points. Please get that last point correctly, gentle reader. All pins have points—good points and bad points. Pins have good points if the point of the pin is very pointed, and if it is useful. The point is that if a pin has a bad point, that is a bad point for the pin to have.

The common, or straight pin, if you prefer, is very useful in its many points —that is, of course, its many points of usefulness. You see there is one point to be seen physically. Of its innumerable useful points I shall name only a few. It is a handy weapon to carry for protection. When your bridge partner trumps your ace for the third time, denounce him, as you would anyway, and give him the point. Give him two or more points in fact. First point out to him the bad points of trumping his partner's ace. Then for the second or more points jab him to make him remember the point of your pointed denouncement.

Any time a fight is brought forth, get out your pin point and remember these points in order. First, you jab your opponent to death. Get that point straight. Next, if he is still alive after jabbing him to death with the pin point, you had better drop that point and try a more pointed procedure. Thirdly, you jab him a couple of times. If you can inflict a wound that he will stop to examine, there is your chance to run. Be sure to remember that last point, for it may be your salvation.

Always hold the pin by the head. If you don't, you may get the point yourself. There are numberless uses for the pin. Just carry one around, and you will find it handy for such things as picking teeth. Other uses will pop up if you wait to see.

Richard Little

"So We Improved the Package"

Yesterday I ordered a bottle of vinegar. What the grocer brought me was undoubtedly a bottle of vinegar; but unless one were to take a look at the label, one would take it for a very large bottle of French perfume, or a bottle of rare old liquor, or some fine old eighteenth century English glassware.

I can remember when you bought vinegar in any ordinary old bottle or jug. You bought vinegar, and vinegar was what you got. You didn't require a bottle that was a work of art. But this bottle was so beautifully shaped, so handsomely made, and so feelingly designed, that I know I won't be able to force myself to throw it away. I really ought to convert it into a lamp or vase. And yet I shall, no doubt, buy more vinegar in time and so accumulate dozens of such bottles, and I can't have my house overrun with vinegar bottles.

The advertiser who said, "We couldn't improve the product so we improved the package," certainly started something. Pantry shelves once filled with homely and utilitarian boxes and cans now look like Christmas display windows.

Crackers come in boxes designed to express their individual personality. Olives, though they may last only an hour, come in a lasting bottle reminiscent of the beauty of old Spain.

I find that I am hoarding these bottles and boxes, along with fancy wrapping paper, jars, tins, and string. I can't persuade myself to part with them. When I have a house of my own, it will be decorated in what promises to be a new period —modern grocery and department store.

At the present my brightly colored ornaments attract the attention of those who like pretties. But those who know their groceries deduce from these ornaments the facts, my dear Watson, that my family is very fond of candied ginger and that we also like English marmalade.

My closet is filled with boxes. When I buy an inexpensive hat, it arrives in a box that is little less than a museum piece. I cherish the box and let the hat go the way of all felt. I have had a bargain dress delivered to me in a box which fairly spoke French. Its label alone is a masterpiece. Besides saving the box, I save the wrapping paper, hoping, some day, to find wallpaper of the same pattern.

All of these artistic aids to modern trade are worth an exhibition. Aside from the commercial value as tricks to lure nickels from weak-minded but beauty-loving women, many of these containers really have solid merit. I, for one, would enjoy attending a salon showing all the newest in soap wrappers, hat boxes, mayonnaise jars, cold cream jars, tea boxes, cookie tins, bath salts bottles, powder boxes, candy bags, and florist boxes. Wouldn't you?

BARBARA RUTH

A QUOI BON?

What's in a name, my sweet Juliet? What's in a name? Why, a world on end of difference! If it once expressed the difference between a Montague and a Capulet for a pair of *star-crossed lovers*, today it separates the sheep from the goats. It makes rich men out of poor men and poor men out of rich men.

When the late Mr. Wrigley started on his conquest of Europe, he found that he could not sell *chewing gum*, since an old English cookbook had proclaimed his product as *mouth-glue*. The Europeans were suspicious until he imported his products as *chewing sweets*. Upon this change he was started on his millions. Similarly the inventor of the *hookless fastener* remained a pauper until his death because the name contained too many syllables. When the modern capitalist backer of *zipper* placed his product on the market, it was received with great popularity. Who wouldn't rather *Zip* than use a *hookless fastener?* And who wouldn't rather buy furniture *upholstered in silk damask* than in *cotton denim*, although they are one and the same thing? Again, it sounds much better for the radio announcer to say *Electrical transcription made especially for broadcast purposes* than *This is a phonograph record.* Advertising knows well the answer to *A Quoi Bon?*

Many trades have rendered themselves ridiculous by seeking too earnestly for an answer to this momentous question. Undertakers have become *morticians*, barbers have progressed to *tonsorial artists*, and a plain mechanic sometimes advertises as *auto doctor*. But the metamorphosis is never complete. The trade never becomes a profession.

The *love-apple* even in our grandmother's day was thought to be poisonous, but some venturesome fellow—some Tom, Dick or Harry disappointed in love perhaps and *nameless forevermore*—tasted a *love-apple* and did not die. Since then we've all eaten *tomatoes*. Rarely we see a sign *Pie Plant For Sale;* we're much more likely to buy the same product as *Rhubarb*.

What's in a name? No, my sweet Juliet, a rose by the name of *prickle-weed* would not, I fear, smell sweet.

CLARENCE TARPLEY

SUB-FRESHMEN

After months of anticipation, speculation, and disgruntlement, we have at last seen the Sub-Freshmen.

Sub-Freshmen to the left of us, Sub-Freshmen to the right of us, Sub-Freshmen behind us, Sub-Freshmen in front of us, Sub-Freshmen under us. They are hanging from rafters and roosting on top of any available chairs. A little girl with huge brown eyes and red hair is bravely pushing her way between the legs of Joe Wooters. A swarm of three-footers are standing on tiptoe trying

to read the bulletin board. Miss McHarry is coming down the hall with a chair for them to stand upon so that they may read of the mighty Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors. A howl and a shriek—I turn around quickly. A Sub-Freshman is lost in the office. He is scampering frantically between the legs of the chairs and then disappears under Mr. Sanford's desk.

The locker room is a seething mass of Sub-Freshmen. I must have my public speaking book. By kicking, elbowing, and punching I finally reach my locker. After much effort of a similar type, I succeed in getting my locker open and the book out. Relieved, I slam the door shut only to hear terrible wails and shrieks from within the locker. Again, after a fight that would tax Jack Sharkey, I open the locker door. Two Sub-Freshmen bounce out. With a groan of despair I turn around and plow my way through. I look at my watch to find it is two minutes until eight. Against all rules, I begin running down the hall. Flop! I seem to be lying on the floor of good old Uni High. Along comes the reliable Miss McHarry who untwists the hair ribbons and the sashes that are entwined round my legs.

Oh, these Sub-Freshmen!

* * * *

In just a few days these Sub-Freshmen will be Freshmen. They will not be green, frightened Freshmen; they will be confident and poised. I hope though that they will not change much. We have all enjoyed them immensely, and they have contributed as much as any other class to the success and happiness of this year at Uni High.

Hurray for these Sub-Freshmen!

GEORGIALEE BULL

If I Were a Teacher

Teachers are here; teachers are there; teachers are everywhere. Here we find a pretty young girl with chances for the best of everything in life, and yet she plans to be a teacher. The most powerful athletes end their brilliant college careers by teaching psychology or some similar subject. Everybody has been, is, or is going to be a teacher. The writer points out just one exception to the rule, that exception being himself. He has never been a teacher; and even though the will of the gods is for it, he will never be one. Still, since our imagination is allowed a little freedom, let us imagine the writer as a teacher, not one of the ordinary variety, but a teacher of teachers. Oh, it would be Heaven for him!

He would start a morning class by giving his teacher pupils the following day's assignment. This, of course, would be one requiring some four or five hours to complete. Following the assignment, he would enjoy the rare pleasure of giving his pupils what often seems to be the teacher's conception of paradise, a ten minute quiz. This would contain all kinds of ungodly questions for which there would be no known answers. He would lean back in his big desk chair and feel a smile of satisfaction cross his face as he watched his pupils read the questions. As he saw their pitiful and most unhappy faces, his mere smile would change into a sweeping grin of genuine pleasure.

Oh, it is certain that if the writer were but a mere teacher of teachers, he would be a very contented person.

BOB DEWOLF

Fold According to Order

My classmates, especially you who are new among us, I beg to listen to my plea. Using even greater terms, I beg and beseech you "to fold according to order."

I, my fellow students, have not always been a cog in the Uni High wheel. I, too, did not always "fold according to order." Thereby hangs my piteous tale. Stay! my friends. Take heed!

A year ago I entered Uni High. School having started, theme day bounced as rapidly into view this year as it did last. The instructor illustrated, emphasized, and warned every student "to fold according to order." But, my friends, I did not take heed.

The next day all the themes except the inevitable two or three were handed in. Smiling with satisfaction, the instructor glanced at the brain children of her original students. The glance became a startled stare. Horror filled her face. Bitter disappointment lurked in the corners of her mouth. Then lifting her finger, she pointed directly at me. With accusing eyes, she poured her wrath upon me. I quaked with fear. Rising on trembling legs, I left the room. The remainder of the day was a maze of daze through which I wandered. In my sleep the following night, a hideous nightmare assailed me. Horrible, grinning sheets of theme paper correctly folded marched mournfully back and forth before me. "Fold according to order." Over and over again, then darkness.

So, my fellow-sufferers, ends my tale. Folding from right to left is "folding according to order." I'll never be the same again. Never! Neither will you, my friends, unless you "fold according to order."

RAJEANE REYNOLDS

A BALLAD OF MELODIOUS WORDS

Gossamer, pastoral, dreamy, charm,
Rhythmic, murmuring, realm,
Gracious, wistful, beloved, arm,
Powerful, watchful, helm.

Gondola, solitiude, ecstacy, sigh,
Caress, mandolin, moon,
Ravishing, dream, serenade, cry,
Wonder, parting, soon.

Icy, jewelled, misty, morn,
Nymph, wavelets, calm,
Glimmering, shimmering, slumber, torn,
Dew-pearled, blossoming, palm.

Blessing, plaintive, emotion, tear,
Aurora, autumn, blue,
Carol, music, rather, dear,
Cherubim, hazy, hue.

Innocence, romance, compassion, love,
Arrogant, humble, serene,
Placid, peaceful, illusion, dove,
Crystal, prism, scene.

Princedom, phantom, eloquence, power,
Reverie, evening, home,
Piazza, hazel, fiesta, flower,
Melody, moonbeam, roam.

MARGARET NEWCOMB

A SUNSET SKY

The beauty of a sunset sky
Is unexpressible,
For this alone would verify
The unbelievable.

The pink and blue and lavender
Are blended skillfully.
The sun is like Apollo's car
Going down majestically.

The workings of a mighty hand
In beauty is defined.
The motive one should understand
Is Love for all mankind.

MARGARET NEWCOMB

Murder on the Second Floor

It was three minutes of two o'clock, and I was going into the English room with the rest of the Sub-Freshman Class.

Suddenly Harrison yelled, "Hey, Emily, here's a friend of yours over here."

"Help! What is it?" shrieked Emily.

"It's a cockroach," Harrison told her.

" 'Tis not. It's a cricket," I declared.

"Well, that's black, isn't it?" I persisted.

"No, it's brown. Anyhow, it's a cockroach!"

Then our attention was turned to Emily, who was poking the curious bug with her foot. It had long, skinny legs, it was sort of a blackish brown in color, and it was a little more than an inch long. It crawled around on the floor and tried to hide under the baseboards. Finally Em poked it so hard that it turned over on its back and kicked its legs like a baby. I could see queer little bones, that looked like ribs, running across the underside of it.

Then we started in again to argue about the ancestry of the poor insect.

After a while John came along and said, "Hey, that's a cricket."

"What did I tell you!" I said triumphantly.

"Aw! you're goofy, Dolch.. That's a *cockroach,*" growled Harrison.

Emily lifted her foot. "Is it a cricket or is it a cockroach? Because, if it's a cockroach, I'll step on it, and if it is a cricket, I won't!"

"Oh, don't. Em," I cried. "It's a cricket."

"Well, do it anyhow. I don't like crickets," said Jeanne, adding her voice to the noise. "They make too many squeaks in our basement."

Em lowered her foot and went to sit down. The rest of us followed her example.

But there was not to be peace long. We suddenly heard an awful squawk and turned around to see Warren jump up on the window-sill and start yelling.

Then Miss Rosenthal interfered:

"My goodness! What on earth is all this noise about back here?" she asked.

"A cockroach," cried Harrison.

"A cricket," I declared.

"Well for goodness sake! Step on him, Josephine," said Miss Rosenthal.

Josephine's foot rose and then descended with a crash.

Pop! Everyone jumped.

"Murder!" someone cried.

"Help! They got me!" yelled John.

"I thought that was a gun," exclaimed Warren.

"What was it?" Em asked Harrison.

"Josephine stepped on the cockroach," he answered.

"You mean cricket! He was too big for a cockroach," I chimed in.

"Oh yeah! I've seen 'em twice as big as that!"

"Aw——" I gave up.

But then the bell rang.

Patricia Stone

At Evening

At evening, when the sun goes down,
When painted skies adorn the town,
When clouds in gorgeous colors dressed,
When birdlings settle in the nest,
Then all the world throws off the toil
And turns its thoughts from all turmoil.
It bows its head and utters prayer
To God, our Father, Redeemer, there!

Margaret Newcomb

Friday Afternoon In the Library

The cool spring breezes rustle softly in the leaves outside, and the lazy sounds of a warm May afternoon float in the open window. The sun beats upon the shades to form a temperature which no Latin assignment can overcome. The dozen odd equations that lie checked in the book on the table seem to float in a dreamy, hazy space, and the other books lie in a pile that seems to disappear into a black abyss of nothingness. A yawn of such magnitude that the whole room seems to be on the verge of dropping into the monstrous cavern indicates that the signs of long-avoided spring fever have set in.

The thoughts that should be tackling dates on those terrific calamities to the historian—Roman emperors—pass like ethereal ghosts through the walls and open windows to the tennis court and ball park and dwell rapturously on plans for the coming summer rather than on the English theme due on Monday. A newspaper lies on the shelf, but even the interest in Cub and Sox standings cannot rouse the enthusiasm to make one paralyzed limb follow another; and a complete ennui envelops the soul. It does no use to bring up answers for why one did not register for an eight o'clock study period. Even if a person wouldn't have anything to do then, it would be better than having it and not doing it. Besides, fresh air is good for one!

An attempt to rise to the effort of work results in the name, subject, and number of the first problem being transferred to paper before the pencil drops from nerveless fingers and mind sinks into deeper reveries.

Far away something causes a slight disturbance to be noted by the auditory senses, and the sleepy brain is informed that there is a noise somewhere. It is tabulated as the buzzing of a highly-ambitious fly; insensibleness is coming on apace when the ever alert senses note that there is an unusual disturbance. Sleepy eyes open enough to glance at a watch on the wrist of an outstretched arm, and slowly a mental calculation is made of the time registered by the hands. Then gradually it is driven home that the noise must have been the bell. The figure that could not be roused by algebra, English, history, or Latin is started by an electric bell on a mad rush toward the door.

Richard Noyes

Sweet Sorrow

A smile, a kiss—
Sweet nothings—
But they bring bliss
When coming first from you
To me.
A smile from those two
Eyes so free,
So blue—
A kiss from those two
Lips so sweet,
So true—
Bring unmeasured joy and sorrow
To a sad heart
Living apart
In this yesterday of tomorrow.

Virginia Palfrey

School Books

School books! Of all the heavy, offensive, formidable, inane, repugnant things, they are the worst.

First, their prices practically blow you down when you go to buy them. There ought to be a law against it. As you see your allowance gradually going for books which you certainly don't want, you visualize yourself starving every noon for the next month. You wildly consult your list again to be sure you have to have that many and decide you just can't leave any out. Then comes the bright idea! Why didn't you think of that in the first place? Second hand books! You boldly ask about them only to be informed firmly and decisively that there are none left. You subside and look sad. A few minutes later you leave the store, stumbling under the weight of shiny, new school books. You discover later that these same shiny books will run all over you in the first rain.

The next year when you come blithely back to sell these books, without a doubt the publishers will have changed the edition. It always seems impossible to get rid of a book on the subject you hated most, unless you have a young brother or sister to palm it off on. In that case you expect no pay for it, of course.

Furthermore, school books are entirely too heavy. If the authors put less in them, they would be much lighter to carry; and that's just what we want—only we don't really want them at all!

This is all actual proof that school books are a terrible nuisance and by all means should be abolished.

Alice Hamilton

Oh lady, don't make such a scene.
I tell you I've been true.
Please understand how sad I've been
To be away from you.

Now let me tell you of my love.
You say that you don't care?
O say, I swear by Him above!
Look now, you've mussed your hair.

Come dear, we should not quarrel so soon.
What, you're not satisfied?
I swear by yonder bright, full, moon
To you I've never lied.

Now calm yourself, my lovely rose,
And kiss me. That's the way.
Oh yes, to give you sweet repose
I promise ne'er to stray.

I really wasn't gone so long.
You say 'twas like an age?
My dear, I fear you're somewhat wrong.
Please! not another rage.

All right then; I'm all you say.
Whate'er you say is right.
For pardon I can only pray;
But now, dear girl, Good Night!

Gerald Smith

On Emptying My Wastebasket

I can never empty my wastebasket in a hurry. Not because that is an impossible feat, but I regard it as something which requires time.

There are certain conditions necessary for the observance of this very personal ceremony. I can not do it when I clean my room. That would hurry me too much. Also this procedure must be done in the absence of company. I should hate to have someone unsympathetic standing over me, watching me unfold and smooth each wad of paper. Too, not all moods can be adapted to this rite. I must be thoughtful or sad to perform it properly. I should not be doing it justice if I emptied my wastebasket joyously and without thought.

So when I am alone with plenty of time, I carry my wastebasket to the basement with me. Seated on the bottom step of the stair, my basket between my knees and a large trash can before me, I begin the ceremony. Papers fly. Down under some of these a stamp on an envelope comes to view. There is the letter from a girl friend back home. Madge is now going with Tommy. He is taking her to a large party at the country club this week-end, and, oh, how I hate to miss it. I must keep that letter, for I never realized how important these things were.

Farther down, a bill reminds me of a fatal shopping expedition. That was rather a sad affair for my allowance—one dollar and fifty cents for a trinket to set on my desk; one dollar for a bottle of fancy perfume. I didn't need these at all,—and that poor salvation army girl on the corner ringing her Christmas bell and stamping her feet in the cold. Well, I'll do without that blue hat I wanted.

A memorandum for the fifteenth. Gracious, "Committee meeting at four o'clock," and I forgot to attend.

Something sparkles in the bottom. A silver knife—my landlady's knife! I borrowed that several days ago. Nice of her not to remind me of it. I shouldn't be so irresponsible—it might have been a wedding present.

After this quiet interlude, I come up a repentant sinner.

Barbara Tuttle

Here–There–Everywhere

The class bell rings. Sub-Freshmen charge out of their classrooms and scamper down the hall. Their arms are laden with books; for, having a dreadful fear of tardiness, they do not dare to go to their lockers. Freshmen hurry down the hall, saying that the exams Mrs. Kurtz gives are too hard. Sophomores walk to their lockers, naively arguing the coming economic conference. Junior girls stroll down the halls, giggling and telling what Jimmy and Johnny and Tommy had said to them. Junior boys lunge down the stairs to see an exhibition of butterflies and bugs that Mr. Byerley is presenting. The Senior girls powder their noses and lipstick their lips, as the Freshmen and Sophomores look on, horrified. The Senior boys are frantically getting the assignments for their next classes.

* * * *

Jerry comes out of La Classe De Francais with a sweet smile for each girl he passes. Second floor lockers bang and crash. Louise goes here and there getting no place at all. Miss McHarry comes down the hall, hands full of papers and followed by two fond practice teachers. Ah, I knew it couldn't last. Now I am confronted by a being known as a salesperson. "You must buy your 'U and I' today." After I faithfully promise to buy mine the next day, I am stopped again with the statement, "Have you bought your ticket to the puppet show next week-end?"

There comes a sound of discussion which quickly graduates into a roar of confusion. I rush into the hall only to see a crowd collecting at the south stairs. From the nucleus of this ring of onlookers there comes flying what seems to me to be hair, human hair. Next, pieces of clothing come flying. The din is almost beyond conception. Suddenly a shoe comes flying over my head. My position apparently is dangerous. A second shoe comes sailing over my head. I change my position. Actions become more and more violent when quickly the ring of onlookers is pushed aside to allow Joseph Wooters, stocking-footed, to make a wild dash and go galloping down the hall, followed by the puffing but determined Miss Barbara Tuttle.

* * * *

Mrs. Sullivan and Miss McHarry, warned by previous experiences, automatically rise and close the doors.

* * * *

The Public Speaking class meets my eye. John Robert is in the front of the room revealing to the class the art of milking a restless cow. The room is convulsed with laughter, and I find myself in the same fix.

* * * *

I view Miss Smith serenely sitting in the back desk while the practice teachers and John take the worries. She very casually looks around and smiles, making eyes at me as I go on.

* * * *

Across the hall, I hear Miss Rosenthal who insists that our automobiles are not automobiles but auto-mobles, and that we should look it up in the dictshunery to find out. Oh, well, every one has his weaknesses.

* * * *

Down the hall comes a terror-stricken shriek! Never fear; it's just a clarinet. The cats must be singing a duet on the back fence! It is just the violins. A shrill whistle jars us in our seats! It is not a policeman, or a fire alarm; it's just the flutes.

* * * *

There is the typing class. I remember the day Al Sterns wrote fifteen words per minute with ten errors, the day Betty Friend wrote sixty-seven words per minute with five errors, and the day Delbert Harms wrote a negative forty-five words per minute with an innumerable amount of errors. But there are those eternal budgets—dry old things! I hasten on before I get into their clutches.

I enter the study hall and notice the bulletin board. Early in the fall, the temperamental, would-be journalists felt that something must be done with this expanse of board in 218. They thereupon made a startling attempt. They fixed a nice little sign, "Uni High in the Public Eye" (doesn't that sound like a journalist's idea?) and tacked it up in one corner. It looked sort of lost, but that would not be the case for long. Oh no! They then proceeded to get out their scissors and thumbtacks and wait for all their articles to pop out in print. When this happened (and I must admit it did) they would tack them up under the little sign and gaze long and proudly at them. I don't blame them though. And it makes quite a display, doesn't it?

* * * *

"God of the nations in glory en-throned."

"That's just fair. Let's try it again. Now, Tom, I told you to sing up higher."

"But, Miss Kitchell, I can't."

* * * *

The orchestra seems to be going along very smoothly, but at the climax, or whatever the high point of a piece of music is, it peters out and then begins a wearying time of playing the measure that bothered them over and over again so that it is impressed indelibly on the minds of the students, and for days the tune keeps coming to their minds always to remind them of orchestra period. At last, after much screeching, blaring, and tooting the period comes to an end and the haggard, tired-faced individuals called students come filing out too tired for anything more. They might be called martyrs.

* * * *

No wonder those five minutes between classes are so chucked full of news, gossip, puns, jokes, and a very few serious thoughts, when we have a whole fifty-five minutes to think of what we want to say to our friends at the good old drinking fountain!

The World Series

"Hurray for the Yankees!" "Oh, I think New York is just brutish with our Cubs!" "The Cubs will show them Saturday; you just wait and see." "Those Yanks sure have some team." "Ah, you wait 'til Jakie May gets in."

These statements and ones similar to them echo throughout the halls of Uni High. Not only Uni High but the whole country has come to a standstill and is watching the apparently invincible New York Yankees and the spirited Chicago Cubs fight it out for the championship of the baseball world.

Employers offer their employees the afternoon off, so that both the employers and the employees may listen to the game over the radio—or, better still, actually see the game. The traditionally absent-minded professor must become even more forgetful, for there is little doubt but that he is thinking more about what Lou Gehrig and Babe Ruth might be doing to the Cubs than of the physics, calculus, or agriculture that he is teaching. Swarms of students are rushing across the campus to the nearest confectionery, so that they may listen to the World Series while they sip cokes. Other students are scrambling out of the confectionery, already ten minutes late to their classes.

Instead of wrangling about the causes and supposed remedies of the depression, people are talking of what Babe Ruth, the big Bambino, did at bat. Instead of arguing the merits of the candidates and platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties, people are lamenting the fact that Guy Bush lost control.

It is too bad that we have only one World Series a year.

"Hurray for the Yankees!" "Hurray for the Cubs!" "Hurray for the World Series!"

Georgialee Bull

Memory Book

A memory book is the index to my past. It is the medium through which I relive each happy occasion of my high school days.

My memory book and I have always been the objects of much jesting—the memory book because its enormous gray bulk bulges as an overpacked suitcase, and I because I save such ridiculous mementoes for it.

When I was a Freshman in high school, every occurrence impressed me to such a degree of awe that I wanted to tuck away safely a piece of each thrill for a remembrance. Thus my memory book grew from a desire to record important occasions to a habit which now affords me much pleasure.

As I leaf through the pages today, I find the events connected with the

souvenirs pasted there flashing through my mind. The frontispiece is all inclusive, for it is a snap-shot of my high school, around which my activities center. However, since I live in a university city, the University has also affected the memories in my book. Football tickets and programs from the University football games are frequent souvenirs.

I can recall, though, that of all the games that I have attended none has thrilled me as the first. It was a special game for the Homecoming, and both schools had their bands on the field in full-dress. I can still feel the excitement that surged through my body as our band began playing "Illinois Loyalty." It was inspiring to see the people in the opposite bleachers rise, tier upon tier, and then to hear them raise their voices in faithfulness to their Alma Mater.

Something crackles as I turn a heavily laden page. It is a pressed corsage on a single page. Memories of the night I wore that lovely bunch of scented, almost breathing roses and forget-me-nots are like an exquisite dream. Dreaming of that night in June, I seem to hear the strains of the famous waltz orchestra and the buzz of the people at that colorful ball.

Small memories as well as thrilling memories are stowed in my memory book. This lock of hair came from the head of a dear friend, and scattered throughout are snap-shots of other friends who share my high school days. There are programs of all descriptions. This one is from my first minstrel show, which was an evening spent in endless laughter. Other programs are from our high school plays, campus musicals, house dances, and theater entertainments.

The pages of my memory book have seemed to show that I spend all of my time thinking only of entertaining myself; but that is not so, for I consider school a place to receive an education. Old report cards and class papers that I have deigned to keep as examples prove that work as well as play occupies my high school career.

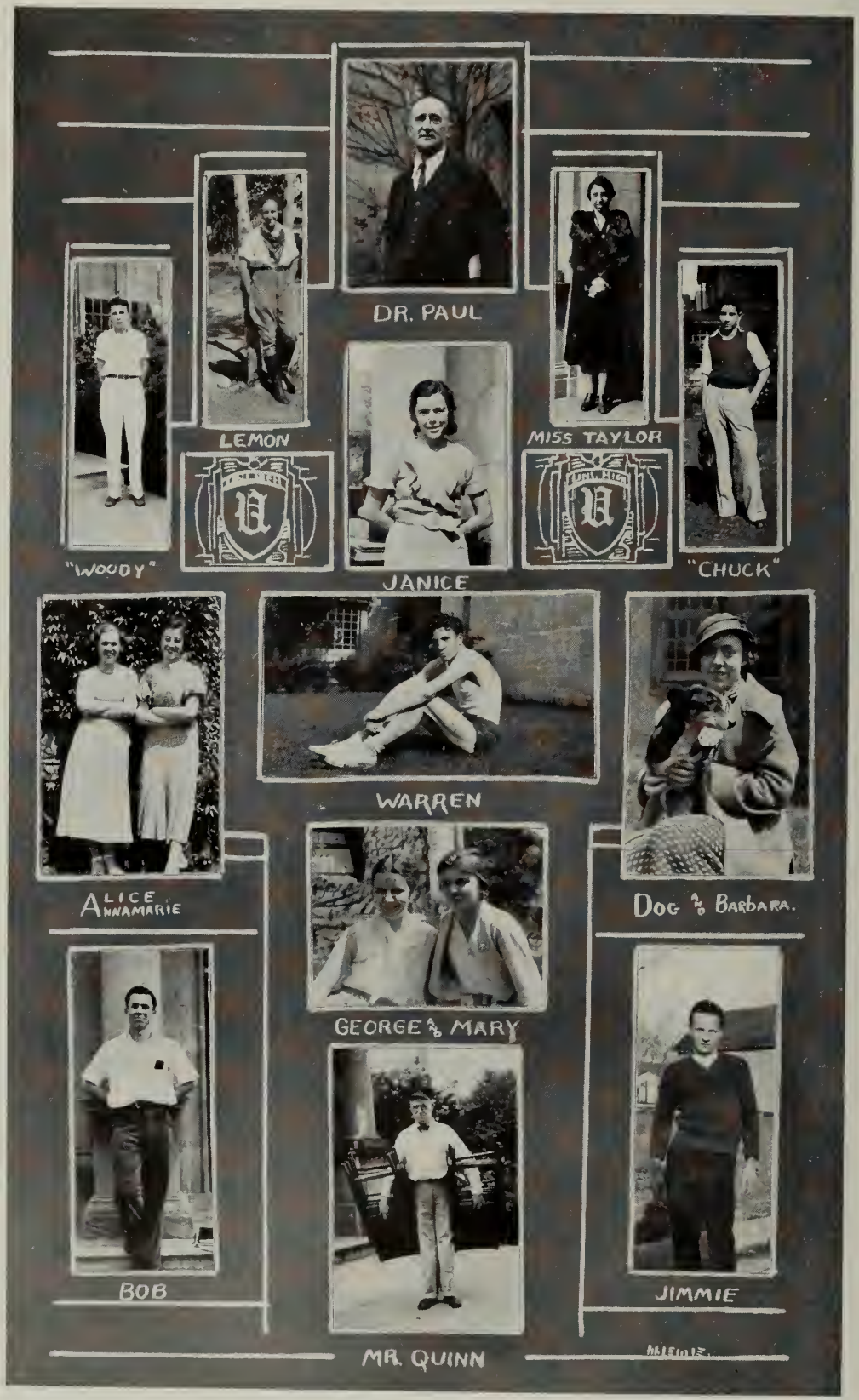
The memories in my memory book are infinite. Today as a Senior in high school, I feel as if I am preserving the best part of my life in an invaluable treasure—my memory book.

BETTY FRIEND

TIME

As long as I can remember, I have been doing things by the clock. When I was a baby, there was Time for nap, Time for walk, and Time for my orange juice. A few years later came Time for school, Time for recess, and Time to go home. After the supper hour, came bed Time. Then there was Time to get up, and immediately I had to get dressed. Now there is breakfast and then school. Then immediately after one class is Time for another, or else Time for study. Everything is by schedule, and I think I shall revolt some Time. There, I've said that word again!

BARBARA RUTH


DR. PAUL
LEMON
MISS TAYLOR
"WOODY"
JANICE
"CHUCK"
WARREN
ALICE
ANNAMARIE
DOG & BARBARA.
GEORGE & MARY
BOB
JIMMIE
MR. QUINN

CALENDAR

Calendar For September

Sept. 12. School starts with six classes. The Seniors take charge of Sub-Freshmen, much to the former's detriment.

Sept. 13. John Robert has a Freshman who comes to his waist.

Sept. 14. Dick Little knocks Carlyn Reineberg flat. Reasons unknown.

Sept. 15. Our orderly Mrs. Sullivan is seen kicking her waste-basket over for the fun of picking up the contents.

Sept. 16. Jerry Smith grimly informed the physics class that he would be deaf if he continued to sit in the front row.

Sept. 20. Dues are due promptly, due to the depression, also due to a ruling that all dues are due now.

Sept. 23. Doctor Paul sprints through the Olympics faster than Floyd Gibbons. Whattaman! The occasion—assembly.

Sept. 27. Class meeting. No stuffing of the ballot box, please.

Sept. 29. Senior play tryouts. What part are you trying out for? What part are you trying out for?

Calendar For October

Oct. 5. Bill Davis told the French class that Elinor Anderson was then standing on the roof. Just a little mistake in tenses.

Oct. 7. Barbara and Joe were kicked off the South Campus after 10 o'clock last night.

Oct. 14. U & I tryouts.

Oct. 21. Time—7:00. Place—Country Club. Occasion—Picnic. Doris Putnam: "Does anyone know my mother-in-law?"

Oct. 24. U & I Staff meeting. Both sides are drawn up for battle. It's only a matter of a few days.

Oct. 25. The Freshmen entertained themselves with a party, exclusive of the rest of the school.

Calendar For November

Nov. 4. Senior Play. Mel pulled the curtain.

Nov. 5. Dot Tuttle and Fred Tanner came out to find "just married" on the car windows.

Nov. 7. The school was invaded by a troop of "Reds."

Nov. 11. Assembly. The song "Romeo and Juliet" made quite a hit.

Nov. 13. The tardy list expands. The average tardy is 2.1 persons per day. As to the .1 person—your guess is as good as ours.

Nov. 15. "You are composed of electrified atoms. Perhaps that is why you shock your mothers——" Mr. Harnish.

Nov. 18. Annamarie rushes wildly over the school because an article of hers has appeared in the *Illini*.

Nov. 21. "It's snowing!" Some of the more adventurous go on a sleigh ride.

Nov. 22. Carlyn enters English in time to see her purse sail out of the window. No danger done, though.

Nov. 23. Vacation liberates both teachers and pupils for the time being.

Nov. 27. Basketball season tickets for sale.

Nov. 28. Have you bought your season ticket yet? If not, why not? If so, why?

Nov. 29. Pep meeting assembly, with g-e-n-u-i-n-e cheer leaders! All is set for the big night.

Nov. 30. Mr. Harnish interrupts physics to discuss basketball plays with Joe Wooters and Dick Little.

Calendar For December

Dec. 2. The air is tense. The big game is tonight.

Dec. 3. Basketball game last night. We forget the score.

Dec. 4. Senior pictures are circulating madly. The book of original autographs is nearly worn out.

Dec. 6. Girl Reserves initiate new members.

Dec. 9. The Juniors urge the school to go to the "Hop." A good time was reported.

Dec. 11. Mrs. Sullivan frantically summoned the janitor. The library had sprung a leak.

Dec. 16. The Juniors try their fate at "Milestones."

Dec. 20. The budding artists of the school display their masterpieces.

Dec. 21. The Latin classes gave a Christmas assembly. The acrobatics were exceptional.

Dec. 22. The Juniors gave their all-school party.

Calendar For January

Jan. 3. The school finds that it's as hard to learn to study again as to learn anything.

Jan. 4. Students pass the chem. lab with a firm grip on their noses.

Jan. 5. The art class has a hard time to get models. The limit of human endurance is three seconds.

Jan. 9. Mr. Harnish thinks the physics class is dumb. It takes five minutes for a joke to "take effect."

Jan. 10. The English IV class indulges in slang. Some of the contributions were truly noble.

Jan. 12. Two reasons for skipping school, Friday the 13th and a physics quiz. Either would be enough.

Jan. 13. Betty Friend thinks Friday is her lucky day. She leads the Soph. Cotillion.

Jan. 15. Students are trying frantically to get term papers, themes, and back work in before exams.

Jan. 17. The Girl Reserves are entertained by a "slums talk."

Jan. 18. Most of the school is P. T. A.'ing. An interesting program is promised.

Jan. 19. With an exhibition in typing and singing, the roof of Uni High nearly cracked.

Jan. 20. Review Week!!

Jan. 22. And again Joe Wooters was given a ticket for parking. We have only Joe's word for it; he was alone.

Jan. 26. The midnight oil stunt is generally practiced.
Jan. 27. Exams, exams!!!
Jan. 30. An event,—Miss M. E. Colby returned to the dear old Uni High.

Calendar For February

Feb. 1. Report cards! A breathing space 'til the next time.
Feb. 2. Team had good support last night. Even so, we didn't win.
Feb. 3. With the second semester successfully launched we can all take a good long rest in peace.
Feb. 6. The Seniors have a spelling lesson. What for?
Feb. 7. The weather increases absences, tardies, and a general disturbance.
Feb. 13. Chuck Bidwell goes around, nose in the air. He made a basket the other day in a game.
Feb. 16. Girl and Boy assemblies to elect members to the Student Council.
Feb. 17. Dramatic Assembly, "The Valiant" given.
Feb. 20. Two females appeared wearing ties. The poor males were forced to remove theirs in self-defense.
Feb. 21. The mystery of Bill Davis's past is still unsolved.
Feb. 22. Washington's Birthday, observed chiefly by the Latin Classes.
Feb. 23. Spring fever day. It's beginning early.
Feb. 24. The mothers and fathers entertained the pupils with "A Chautauqua of the Gay Nineties."
Feb. 27. The Girl Reserves have undertaken to decorate the rest room.
Feb. 28. Gil Wakely is still writing "poetry." (?)

Calendar For March

March 1. Kentucky mountaineers give a play in assembly.
March 2. Seniors postpone their assembly. Two banks are on the blink.
March 4. The Junior Play and the Basketball Supper.
March 6. Six-weeks exams!!!
March 7. Betting for the spring basketball tournament begins.
March 8. Roller skating is in vogue now.
March 9. Miss McHarry is kept busy scolding Seniors who become too loquacious at the wrong time, namely English class.
March 13. Rainy.
March 14. Girls show school how good they are in gym.
March 15. Report cards. Again? We've already flunked all we can.
March 16. Plans for the "Puppet Show" are underway.
March 20. Play practice, operetta practice, assembly practice, puppet practice. Truly, "Practice makes perfect."
March 21. Spring. The only way we know is by looking at the calendar.
March 23. U & I staff convinces the school that the annual isn't going to be so bad.
March 24. Tryouts for Puppet Show.
March 28. The girls have another excuse for skipping gym. The building is infested with ants.

Calendar For April

April 1. Well, we didn't get fooled much.

April 4. Vote for "Alice." Remember, she must be a blond.

April 5. You look just like Little Red Riding Hood, Barbara, but where is DeWolf!

April 6. Rainy!!!

April 7. Dramatic Club Plays. Not a bit bad, you know, for amateurs.

April 10. The track meet was run away with by the wrong side. Better luck next time.

April 11. Joe Wooters declares that sales resistance is the triumph of mind over patter. Maybe it's just Joe.

April 12. Miss Jane Fauntz took the school through the Olympic games, relating the most thrilling experience of her life.

April 13. Buy your U & I!

April 14. Uni High gets first place with "High Heart" in the district contest!!! The cast was the most elated.

April 17. And again Uni High won first place! And at the Little Theatre too!!! My, my!!!

April 18. Something should have happened today but nothing did happen.

April 19. We have so much to do we can't even take time to figure out which subject to stop studying for temporarily.

April 22. Girl Reserves elected officers for next year. Such industry to have for the coming year. We aren't safely through this one yet.

April 23. The Journalism Club made the first page of the *Courier*. Do we rate!!

April 24. Uni High placed second in oration, third in dramatic reading, second in essay, and third in humorous declamation. Not to be sneezed at, is it?

April 26. The Freshman Party. Decorations were cool and snappy. These Freshmen certainly make one think twice, if at all. We didn't even suspect they had it in 'em.

Calendar For May

May 1. The Will and Prophecy Committees turn in commendable work with the remark. "Whoopee, is you going to catch it."

May 2. School was dismissed for the afternoon. What happened to the faculty that they should do a thing like that?

May 3. Juniors claim they are making money by collecting the sales tax.

May 4. Seniors order their "invites" to Commencement.

May 5. Big Week End. The original operetta is Saturday night.

May 8. "A lecture is the process of transferring notes from the professor's notebook to the student's without going through the head of either."

May 10. Bill Davis and Carlyn Reineberg have a manicuring contest in English class.

May 11. Quizes loom up in the horizon.

May 12 and 13. The long-awaited Puppet Show was given. Two evening performances and a matinee.

May 15. Miss McHarry, after telling that the garage man couldn't eliminate certain noises in her car, made it known that she intended to overcome them with a hammer.

May 16. Snaps for the U & I are being taken. Everyone tries to get in the first row.

May 17. Journalism Club helps with the special edition of the *Illini*.

May 18. Senior invitations are being ordered. It won't be long now!

May 19. Mr. Harnish shows his class some movies instead of making them study. Three cheers for Mr. Harnish!

May 20. The French assembly was quite a surprise—it was good! This annual goes to press today.

May 22. The Seniors walk out of the school at one o'clock. Senior Skip Day!

May 23. Review begins. It's time to start work.

May 24. It's a pity folks can't see the distinction between when we are loafing and when we are meditating profoundly.

May 25. Preparations for the Commencement exercises progress at a great rate. We wonder if we can make the grade.

May 30. No school. Oh boy!

May 31. Exams! Exams! and more exams!

Calendar For June

June 1. Exams! Still exams! ! !

June 2. And still some more exams! The Junior-Senior Banquet, too. More fun!

June 4. Baccalaureate.

June 5. Class Day!

June 6. Graduation——goodbye——farewell————!

MARGARET
COACH – "MAC"
MR. LONG
DICK? SURELY NOT.
ROD AND NATE
DICK AND BOB
MR. SANFORD
KITTY
BUSWELL
MARIAM
NO PARKING
NO PARKING
HAM
HARP – DON – JOE
BABS

ACTIVITIES

Back row, left to right: Margaret Busey, Alice Hamilton, Clarence Tarpley, Miss McHarry, Georgialee Bull, Charles Bidwell, Mary Edna Colby.
Front row: Edward Burge, Mary Ann Dorner, Margaret Kunz, Margaret Newcomb, Barbara Ruth, Annamarie Kunz, Virginia Palfrey.

Journalism Club

OFFICERS

Scout . . . . . Barbara Ruth
Secretary . . . . . Margaret Newcomb
Courier . . . . . Virginia Palfrey
Adviser . . . . . Miss McHarry

Three cheers for the Journalism Club!!! This group of students, which met informally during the first semester, due to the fact that it was very successful in its work, was made a formal organization of Uni High at the beginning of the second semester. The purpose of the club is to write for the papers in order to let the public know what Uni High is doing and to give the students an opportunity to develop in writing. At all hours of the day, journalism members could be found gathering news and taking notes on assemblies, classes, club meetings, speakers, parties, plays, and what not. They were never idle!

It hardly seems possible when you look at the pride of the organization—a scrap-book of about 700 inches of local newspaper clippings, which will go on file in the library as a permanent record of the year 1932-33—that so much could have been accomplished in only one year. The journalism members also wrote articles for the two special editions of the *Illini*. In addition to the satisfaction of seeing their names in print, the members were entertained at the Virginia Theatre.

Barbara Ruth served as "scout," securing assignments for the members every week; Peggy Newcomb, secretary, kept a record of the assignments; and Virginia Palfrey, courier, was responsible for delivering all written articles to the papers. Miss McHarry was the excellent adviser of the group.

Back row, left to right: Mr. Holmes, Mary Bain Lehmann, Margaret Newcomb, Mildred Brannon, Helen Browne, Merle Garber, Doris Putnam, Margaret Kunz, Ruth Helen Burlison, Annamarie Kunz, Miriam Norman, Mary Simmons.
Front row: Virginia Palfrey, Marjorie Helen Palfrey, Alma McCullough, Janice White, Eolyne Nichols, Christine Brock, Rosalya Finsberg, Virginia Portz, Barbara Tuttle, Alice Hamilton, Elizabeth Anne Williams, Frances Quirke.

OFFICERS

President . . . . . ANNAMARIE KUNZ
Vice-President . . . . . MARGARET KUNZ
Secretary-Treasurer . . . . VIRGINIA PALFREY
Librarians MARY BAIN LEHMANN, MARGARET NEWCOMB

THE GIRLS' AND BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The members of the Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs have merrily sung their way through the year '32-'33. They have made everyone in school realize that they exist. Even during the time when all the banks were closed, they continued their singing. Let us hope, they at least helped to cheer someone, though others may have become a little exasperated with them at times.

At the beginning of the first semester, they elected their officers. The girls elected Annamarie Kunz, president; Margaret Kunz, vice-president; Virginia Palfrey, secretary-treasurer; and Mary Bain Lehmann and Peggy Newcomb, librarians. The boys chose Mel Kennedy, president; Eddie Burge, vice-president; and Charles Schlatter, secretary.

In the fall the Glee Clubs went on a picnic. The girls and boys played baseball; and later in the evening, they sang songs.

Mary Bain Lehmann and Rosalya Finsberg, from the Girls' Glee Club, and Bill Davis, from the Boys' Glee Club, represented Uni High in the State Chorus held in November.

Back row, left to right: Edward Dolch, Edward Burge, Charles Zelany, Robert DeWolf, William Lytle, Melville Kennedy, Dale Faulkner, Richard Little, Mr. Holmes.
Front row: Leonard Greenman, William Boudreau, Ira Nichols, Elmer Teter, Frank DeWolf, Ralph Hampton, Randall Hampton, Charles Schlatter, Willburt Ham, Nathan Filbey, Van Holstlaw.

OFFICERS

President . . . . . MELVILLE KENNEDY
Vice-President . . . . . EDWARD BURGE
Secretary-Librarian . . . . CHARLES SCHLATTER

The Girls' Glee Club of 23 members and the Boys' Glee Club of 23 members were assisted by the 38-piece orchestra in an original three-act operetta, "You Can't Break It," which was written by students of Uni High and Mr. Holmes, the Glee Club director. The romantic story which was based on the invention of unbreakable glass moved rapidly. It portrayed the spirit of youth which remained undaunted even in the face of seemingly unsurmountable difficulties. The music played and sung was really extraordinary. Songs included music from Victor Herbert, Schubert, and over 20 other well-known composers and arrangers. Chimes and a harp from the University orchestra and band were secured for the occasion. The music, which was tuneful and of the operettic type, greatly surpassed that of the average operetta of today. The soloists, Mary Bain Lehmann, Mel Kennedy, Bob DeWolf, and Jerry Smith, the "triple trio," the Dutch band, and the special dances aided in making the evening a very entertaining one. This performance was given May sixth. "You Can't Break It" was a very fitting climax for a successful year.

Back row, left to right: Mr. Holmes, Doris Putnam, Ruth Baldwin, Robert DeWolf, Melville Kennedy, Dale Faulkner, Arthur Anderson, Richard Little, David Marsh.
Middle row: Richard Noyes, Woodward Bach, Nathan Filbey, William Lytle, Edward Dolch, Thomas Berger, Willburt Ham, Mary Ann Dorner, Ilse Aron.
Front row: Leonard Greenman, Edward Burge, Elizabeth Pearce, Ruth Helen Burlison, Richard Heller, Donald Howard, Roger Williams, James Myers.

ORCHESTRA

Arthur Anderson ..... Horn
Ilse Aron ..... Flute
Woodward Bach ..... Clarinet
Ruth Baldwin ..... Cello
Thomas Berger ..... Clarinet
Edward Burge ..... Violin
Ruth Helen Burlison ..... Violin
Edward Dolch ..... Clarinet
Mary Ann Dorner ..... Flute
Dale Faulkner ..... Trombone
Nathan Filbey ..... Clarinet
Leonard Greenman ..... Violin
Willburt Ham, Librarian ..... Clarinet
Richard Heller ..... Cornet
Donald Howard ..... Cornet
Melville Kennedy, President ..... Cello
William Lytle ..... Clarinet
David Marsh ..... Flute
Richard Noyes ..... Clarinet
Elizabeth Pearce ..... Violin
Doris Putnam ..... Piano
Roger Williams ..... Cornet
James Myers ..... Cornet
Robert DeWolf, Vice-President ..... Cornet
Richard Little ..... Flute

Back row, left to right: Charlotte Johnston, Mary Ann Dorner, Margaret Newcomb, Mary Bain Lehmann, Mary Edna Colby, Louise Varney, Georgialee Bull, Martha Callen, Merle Garber, Margaret Tobie, Doris Putnam, Virginia Cox, Betty Jean Curtis.
Front row: Barbara Tuttle, Virginia Palfrey, Marjorie Helen Palfrey, Christine Brock, Virginia Portz, Margaret Kunz, Dorothy Tuttle, Florence Wise, Dorothy Kerr, Margaret Busey, Annamarie Kunz, Alice Hamilton.

Girl Reserves

OFFICERS

President	Margaret Kunz
Vice-President	Elizabeth Whiting
Secretary	Virginia Palfrey
Treasurer	Annamarie Kunz
Adviser	Mrs. Kurtz

The Girl Reserves are proud of their accomplishments for the past year. Under the able leadership of Margaret Kunz, president, they have willingly co-operated in their work. The other officers for the club were Betty Whiting, vice-president; Virginia Palfrey, scretary; and Annamarie Kunz, treasurer. Mrs. Kurtz, the faculty adviser, deserves much of the credit for having given the club another year of success.

The bi-monthly meetings offered a great deal of variety, thus keeping up the interest of the members. Peggy Newcomb, chairman of the program committee, had printed programs of the year's work made to distribute among the members. The meetings were spent in first aid, poetry-songs, speeches, dramatics, hand-craft, scrap-books, and sewing for the girls' rest room. This latter is perhaps one of the most appreciated of the services done by the club, although the carolling at Christmas time and the visit to the Cunningham Home with pop-corn balls for the children were equally effective and serviceable.

The girls helped to sponsor several parties with the Girl Reserves and Hi-Y members of all three high schools at the Y. W. C. A.

On Easter Sunday a service for the parents and friends of the Girl Reserves was held by the three high schools at the Unitarian Church. Margaret Kunz was master of ceremonies. Mary Bain Lehmann sang, and Louise Varney aided in the program. Though the audience was small, the service was successful.

The purpose of the club has been "to find and give the best." All of the girls hope that they have succeeded in this objective. The Seniors are leaving this group reluctantly; the others are looking forward to another year with the Girl Reserves of Uni High.

Hi-Y Club

OFFICERS

President . . . . . Charles Bidwell
Vice-President . . . . . Delbert Harms
Secretary-Treasurer . . . . Bruce Benedict
Adviser . . . . . Mr. Cravens

The Hi-Y Club met every Wednesday night in the high school or in the gym. Alternating by the week, one meeting would be given over for discussion and the next one for activities in the gym. The boys defeated the Hi-Y Club of Champaign, 50-18, and the Urbana Hi-Y boys, 21-14 in basketball.

The officers were as folows: Charles Bidwell, president; Delbert Harms, vice-president; and Bruce Benedict, secretary-treasurer. Mr. Ancel Cravens, the adviser, handled the meetings in a very fine way. Other members of the club were: Clarence Tarpley, James Robertson, Art Lewis, Warren Lewis, Mel Kennedy, James Myers, Edward Dolch, Willburt Ham, Dick Little, Edward Burge.

Girl Scouts

Members

Marjorie H. Palfrey
Ilse Aron
Alma McCullough
Mary Simmons
Eleanor Anderson
Ruth Baldwin
Elizabeth Baldwin
Miriam Norman
Mildred Brannon
Anna Margaret Foster
Charlotte Herman
Virginia Palfrey
Mary Card
Lois Dallenbach
Eolyne Nichols
Libby Williams
Josephine Lehmann
Ruth Helen Burlison
Betty Pearce
Patty Stone
Charlotte Herman
Betty Lohmann
Jeanne Brown
Mary Ann Clark
Betty J. Curtis
Frances Quirke
Mary Chapman

The Girl Scouts of Troop 17 have completed another worthwhile year. Once a week, they assembled to work and plan together. Some time was spent in working on the Athlete's Badge. During the time that the rink was open, the girls had several skating parties. They also broadcast a Mothers' Day program in which they sang, read poems, and made short talks. The girls are planning a Mother-Daughter-Father Banquet for June 7th and also a week-end hike. Blanche Veach and Ellen Lemke have served as Captain and Lieutenant respectively. Virginia Palfrey was scribe; Ruth Helen Burlison, treasurer. Marjorie H. Palfrey, Eleanor Anderson, Anna Margaret Foster, and Eolyne Nichols were patrol leaders; while Ilse Aron, Ruth Baldwin, Charlotte Herman, and Libby Williams were corporals. The Girl Scouts hope to have many more equally successful years at Uni High.

Back row, left to right: William Lytle, Phillip Faucett, John Edmonds, James Tobin, Joseph Wooters, Margaret Newcomb, Barbara Tuttle, Annamarie Kunz, Mary Edna Colby, Carlyn Reineberg, Charlotte Johnston, Katherine Stiven, Mary Ann Dorner, Dorothy Kerr, Margaret Tobie, Elinor Anderson, Catherine Clifford, Richard Little, Robert DeWolf.

Front row: Melville Kennedy, Willburt Ham, Frances Quirke, Louise Varney, Margaret Kunz, Georgialee Bull, Ellen Schnebly, Christine Brock, Eolyne Nichols, Dorothy Tuttle, Anna Margaret Foster, Gilbert Wakeley, Frank DeWolf, Woodward Bach.

Thimble Theatre Guild

OFFICERS

President . . . . . Robert DeWolf
Vice-President . . . . . Margaret Newcomb
Secretary-Treasurer . . . . . Ellen Schnebly
Adviser . . . . . Miss Smith

The enthusiastic Thimble Theatre Guild, the largest club in school, held its first meeting in September soon after school started. At this meeting the following officers were elected: Bob DeWolf, president; Peggy Nwcomb, vice-prsident; and Ellen Schnebly, secretary-treasurer. Many new members were soon taken in through try-outs and participation in other plays.

At the meetings plays were produced, pantomimes given, speeches presented, and "comedia dell arts" studied. One of the most interesting meetings was a visit to the "Little Theatre." In January, the members of the dramatic club held a party in the attic. The new members were initiated by giving short performances on the stage after which all members present gave short "comedia dell arts," giving plenty of room for guessing. Most of the evening was spent in dancing.

The Senior Play

On November 4, the Seniors presented the play "You and I," a drama centering on the life-long hope of an artist and his ever faithful wife, by Philip Barry. The cast was as follows:

Beth Chase	Ronny Duane
Jerry Smith	Rickey White
Georgialee Bull	Nancy White
Bob DeWolf	Maitland White
Carlyn Reineberg	Etta
John Edmonds	G. T. Warren
Willburt Ham	Geoffrey Nichols

The Junior Play

On March 4, the Juniors presented the three-act play, "Milestones," by Arnold Bennett. The play dealt with the dramatic entanglements of a high-class London family during the Victorian period. The second act of the play dealt with the later Victorian period, and in act three the modern generation of the 20th century was portrayed. A large number of Juniors were included in the cast and also one Sophomore and one Senior. The cast was as follows:

Phillip Faucett	John Rhead
Charlotte Johnston	Gertrude Rhead
Margaret Van Horne	Mrs. Rhead
Robert Jones	Samuel Sibley
Ellen Schnebly	Rose Sibley
Willburt Ham	Ned Pym
Louise Varney	Emily Rhead
James Robertson	Arthur Preece
Mary Ann Dorner	Nancy Sibley
Fred Tanner	Lord Monkhurst
Margaret Kunz	Muriel Pym
Paul Wilson	Richard Sibley
Dorothy Kerr	Mary

"Alice In Wonderland"

A Marionette Show

At last the big show is over and what a performance! Alice is back from Wonderland for a time at least.

Christine Brock and Louise Varney prepared an original dramatization of this play, and the ambitious Uni Highers presented it as their second annual marionette show. We say second with great pride. Dorothy Tuttle and Willburt Ham were chosen by the school to take the parts of Alice and her Uncle who appeared on the stage before and after the actual puppet show.

Everyone worked industriously and conscientiously for the performances—three in number. Mr. Osborne, a University Senior in education, was general director, and John Edmonds was the student manager. Mr. Rumble, another University Senior in education, was the art director. Clarence Tarpley, who originally started the whole idea, was construction manager. Miss McHarry and Miss Zilly were advisers. Most of the upper classmen and even some lower classmen had a hand in the work. The cast was as follows:

Alice	Dorothy Tuttle
Uncle	Willburt Ham
Red Queen	Barbara Ruth
White Queen	Margaret Van Horne
White Rabbit	Willburt Ham
Humpty Dumpty	Lewis Williams
Gryphon	Arthur Lewis
Mock Turtle	Dick Little
Mad Hatter	Bob DeWolf
March Hare	Arthur Lewis
Dormouse	Edith Squires
Frog Footman	Mel Kennedy
Duchess	Margaret Kunz
Cheshire Cat	Lewis Williams
King of Hearts	Bill Davis
Queen of Hearts	Louise Varney
Knave of Hearts	Bob DeWolf
Caterpillar	Mel Kennedy
Five of Hearts	William Lytle
Seven of Hearts	Dick Little
Tweedledee	Bill Davis
Tweedledum	Willburt Ham

Long live Uni High Marionette shows!

Contests

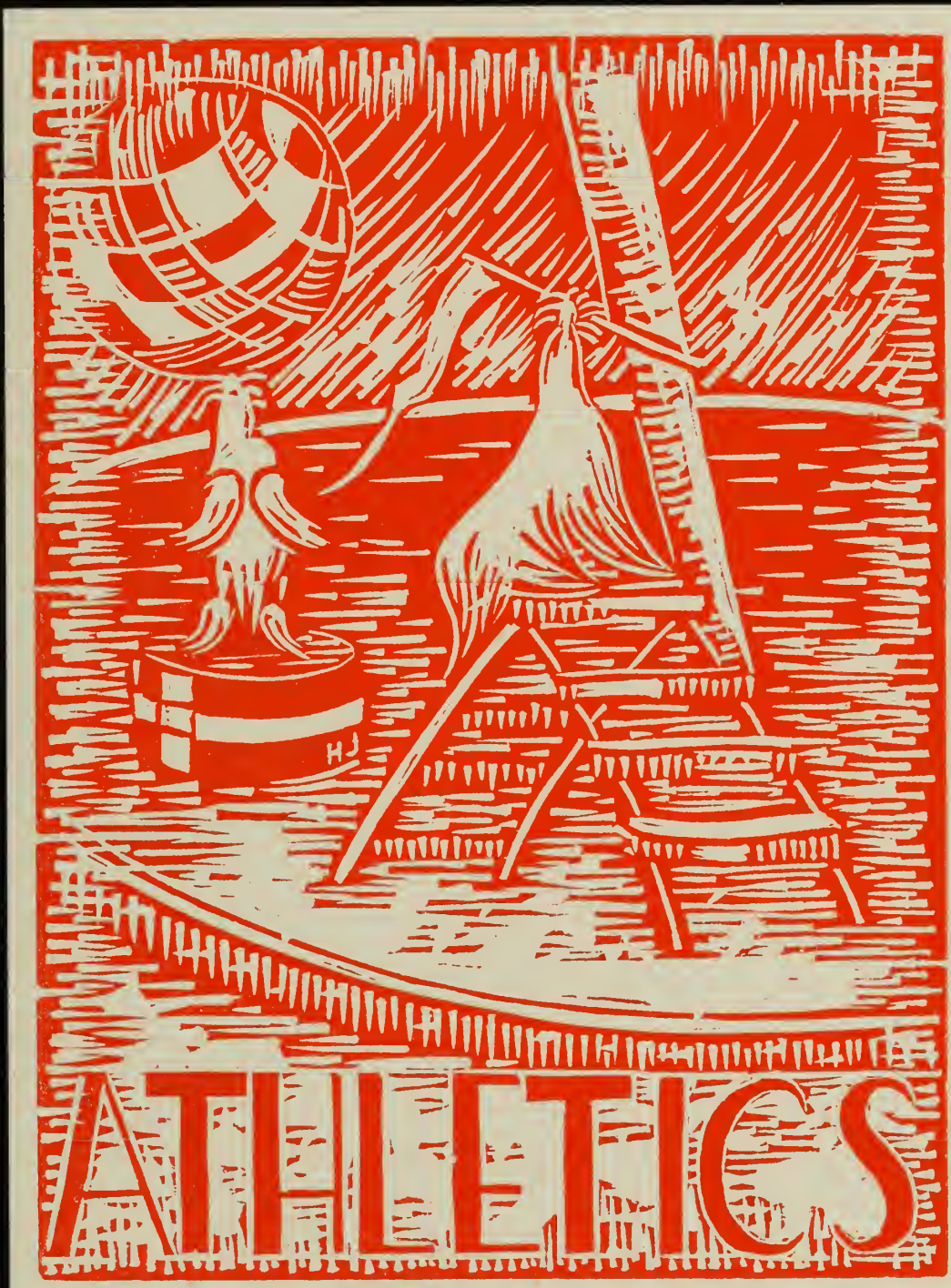
Uni High has participated in many contests this year and for the most part has been successful.

The county contest play, "The High Heart," was among the most successful contests which Uni High has ever entered. On April 12th, the cast which consisted of Peggy Newcomb, Mel Kennedy, Georgialee Bull, Willburt Ham, Mary Edna Colby, Bob DeWolf, and Joe Wooters, went to St. Joe, hopefully but uncertain. They won first place. The next day many congratulations were extended to the members of the cast and to their capable director, Miss Smith. Their next performance was on April 17th at the Little Theatre. Again they came out triumphant. They had won the county contest.

Uni High took part in the commercial contests, also. Betty Friend, Alice Hamilton, and Willburt Ham represented the school in typing. Alice made third place in first year typing. Bill Davis went out for bookkeeping and won fourth place. In shorthand, Mary Card, Rosalya Finsberg, and Anne Mueller represented Uni High. Mary came out first; Rosalya made third place.

There were also several individual contests in the fields of music, speech, and dramatics. Irma Cole placed first in piano; Ellen Schnebly, third in dramatic declamation; Stanley Chapman, second in oration; Mary Edna Colby, third in humorous reading; and Barbara Ruth, second in essay.

Uni High deserves "a pat on the back," for the school has been well represented.


HJ
ATHLETICS

MEL KENNEDY served as captain in almost every game played though no captain was elected. Mel played at center the whole season and played in more quarters than any of his team mates. He was undoubtedly the backbone of the team and through his constant efforts, the spirit of the team was greatly bolstered. Mel is only a Junior and will be back next year.

JOE WOOTERS was another Senior member of the team. At the first of the season he played forward but was later transferred to his old position at guard. Joe played in every game except three in which, due to an injury, he was unable to participate. His best game was played at Long View in which he scored ten points, half of the team's total score. His place will be hard to fill next year.

DELBERT "HARPO" HARMS is another Senior and made an excellent running mate for Boudreau at forward. Although he played very few games until the middle of the season, the coaches finally recognized his ability; and from then on he played regularly on the first team. His best game was undoubtedly played against Foosland in which he scored baskets from every position on the floor to garner twenty-two points.

DON BOUDREAU played forward the greatest part of the season but was shifted to guard in some of the last games. Although very small, Don is a natural player and was one of the most consistent scorers on the team. Don is a Senior this year and his place will be hard to fill.

DON SMITH was the only Sophomore member of the team. He was easily the smallest member of the squad; but due to his aggressiveness and fight, he made up for his lack of height. Don played forward the greater part of the season and could be counted upon for several baskets in every game. He played his best game in the district tournament in which he scored the winning basket of the game. Don will be back for two more years and with a little more height and weight he will be an excellent prospect.

DENNIS "HAP" HOULIHAN was a Senior member of the squad who played at the other guard position. He was a very good defensive man and could be counted upon for one or two long baskets in every game. His best game was played against Ogden in which, due to his accurate basket tossing, we managed to win by a two point margin. He will be missed next year.

RONALD "STOCKY" STOCKWILL did not become eligible until the second semester but obtained enough quarters to earn his letter. He was an excellent shot and a good dribbler. His work was most effective in the games at the district tournament in which he never ceased to fight. He scored enough points to become high scorer for Uni High in both games. As he is a Junior, he will be back next year.

CHARLES "CHUCK" BIDWELL is a Senior who has been a member of the squad for three years. This year he came into his own and acquired enough quarters to make a letter. Chuck was a very dependable player and turned in several excellent games at guard. His best game was the second game with Ogden. The opponents were unable to solve his great defensive play. Chuck's play will be missed next year.

DICK LITTLE is another Senior who substituted at forward position. This is his third year on the squad, but he did not acquire enough quarters for his letter.

BILL HUTCHINSON is the other Sophomore member of the squad. Bill was a utility man who could be depended upon as a substitute for any player and who played an exceptional game. He was out a great deal of the season; and although he played some excellent games, he did not acquire enough quarters to make a letter. He will be back next year and will make an excellent running mate for Smith at forward.

COACHES

University High School athletics were under the excellent supervision of Bob Horsley and Fred Frink from the university coaching school. These two men had charge of the basketball squad while the former also had charge of the track squad.

Although these two men lacked the experience of an older man, they certainly did not lack in willingness and ability to instruct. They spent a great deal of their time instructing the athletic teams and did all in their power to promote the team's success. As they have said, their purpose here was to promote an increased interest in clean athletics as well as good sportsmanship.

JIMMY MYERS performed the difficult services of manager in a very capable manner. His excellent treatment of the players was greatly appreciated. Due to a new custom, Jimmy was awarded a manager's letter.

Basketball

UNI HIGH LOSES FIRST GAME DEC. 2, 1932

The first game of the year was dropped to the boys from Philo on the home floor by the score 21 to 16. The Uni High team played a good game and at one time was ahead, but the Philo team broke through Uni High' defense in the final period to take the lead by five points. Herschel Meis was high point man making five points, and Wooters dropped in a couple of long shots. Fiscus and two Dilley brothers played a good offensive game for Philo.

UNI HIGH DROPS THRILLING ENCOUNTER TO HOMER, DEC. 3

One of the most exciting games in the local gym was played against Homer. Uni High boys showed that they had plenty of fight. The game was not decided until after the final gun. At this time, Herschel Meis had two free throws to shoot, the first dropped in the basket, and the second rolled around the hoop and fell out. Meis and Don Boudreau with three baskets apiece were high scorers for the game.

This game demonstrating very well the team's willingness to fight was a very great improvement over the game with Philo.

OGDEN VS. UNI HIGH, THERE, DEC. 9, 1932

Uni High won its first game against Ogden by an 18 to 16 margin. The Uni High team played great basketball leading by 7 to 1 at the end of the first quarter, but the Ogden boys came back strong in the second quarter and reduced Uni High's lead to 9-8 at the half.

At the start of the second half Ogden staged a great rally, but Hap Houlihan came through with a couple of miraculous baskets from near the center line. Uni High remained in the lead throughout the rest of the game. Kennedy and Houlihan were high scorers for Uni High while Captain Reeves of the visitors led in Ogden's scoring.

UNI HIGH AT TOLONO, DEC. 10, 1932

Tolono had quite a little difficulty in defeating Uni High, for the Uni High five played a great defensive game; however Peterson inserted all of his first team in the fourth quarter, and Tolono, headed by Trost and Meharry, won by a 22 to 12 margin.

Captain Mel Kennedy led the Uni High boys with three baskets and one charity toss for a total of seven points. Hap Houlihan was next with one basket and one free throw. For Tolono, Gossett was high scorer with four baskets and two charity tosses for a total of ten points.

UNI HIGH DEFEATED IN CLOSE GAME BY PHILO, DEC. 17, 1932

Grabbing the lead early in the first minutes of play, Uni High kept it through the contest until the final seconds when Brand of the visitors broke through the Uni High defense to score a short basket. This was the fifth straight loss of the year for Uni High and the fourth game that had been lost by less than three points. For the visitors, Brand, playing at center, was high scorer with three baskets and three free throws. Don Boudreau and Mel Kennedy contributed most of the points for Uni High. The final score was 16 to 14 with Uni High on the short end of the score.

LONG VIEW WINS EASILY OVER UNI HIGH, JAN. 6, 1933

Coach Harry Jarman's strong Long View aggregation easily won over Uni High by a 40 to 14 majority. The Long View boys shot easily and effectively from any angle on the floor. There was little doubt as to their superiority in the conflict.

Fonner, Smith, and Gaines led the Long View five in scoring. These boys showed the local fans that Long View will make a strong bid for honors in this section before the District Tournament. Denny Houlihan led the Uni High boys in scoring and played a great floor game. He scored two baskets and one charity toss for a total of five points.

UNI HIGH VS. ST. JOE, JAN. 13, 1933

Uni High was able to stop Con Hamilton's St. Joe cagers for the first half; but in the second half, St. Joe forged ahead to come out finally on top with a 21 to 10 victory. The Uni High boys fought stubbornly in the first half, and at this time the St. Joe boys held a 5 to 3 advantage.

Earl Swearingen was high scorer for St. Joe, sinking three baskets and two free tosses for a total of eight points. Mel Kennedy played his usual brilliant game for Uni High, fighting stubbornly on defense and scoring two baskets and a free throw to lead the Orange and Blue.

UNI HIGH LOSES TO OGDEN, JAN. 20, 1933

The Uni High boys played a great game, but Ogden proved that the bad luck streak was still working as they eked out a two-point overtime victory. Headed by Mel Kennedy, who was high-scorer, Uni High led in the final seconds of play, when Ogden broke through for a short basket and a charity throw which tied the score. Ogden scored early in the overtime period and for the rest of the play controlled the ball so that Uni High could not shoot.

UNI HIGH AT MAHOMET, JAN. 21, 1933

Mahomet easily defeated Uni High by a 30 to 15 count. It was a much closer game than the score indicates. The Mahomet boys could obtain nothing better than a 7-4 lead at the half time, but at the start of the second half, Roy Johnson's boys came back on the floor with a new defense that baffled the Orange and Blue. From then on, Mahomet scored baskets with ease.

Mel Kennedy was the high scorer for Uni High with three baskets and one charity toss totaling seven points. Captain Wright of Mahomet was the high scorer of the evening with five baskets and one free throw for a total of eleven points.

HOMER DEFEATS UNI HIGH, JAN. 27, 1933

Uni High put up a strong battle in the first three quarters; but after Don Boudreau and Chuck Bidwell were ejected from the game in the final quarter via the personal foul route, Homer scored baskets easily and came out on the long end of a 23 to 19 count.

Four players were taken out of the game because of four personal fouls apiece, and most of the other players committed two or three fouls apiece. Uni High was led by Don Boudreau and Smith who together contributed ten points. Ed Tibetts led LaDine's quintet with four baskets and two charity tosses.

COUNTY TOURNAMENT, FEB. 2, 1933

Uni High's bid for recognition in the County Tournament held at St. Joe was a failure; for the Orange and Blue were defeated by Philo in their first contest, 26 to 17. Philo seems to hold the jinx against Uni High this year, having beaten them three times in three games.

Mel Kennedy and Ronald Stockwill were tied for high scoring honors with two baskets and a free throw apiece for a total of ten points between them. For Philo, Brand was high scorer. He broke through the Uni High defense to compile five baskets and several set-up shots.

UNI HIGH SWAMPED BY TOLONO, FEB. 10, 1933

Displaying a powerful offensive game, Tolono had little difficulty in defeating the weaker Uni High team by a 31 to 10 margin. The Uni High boys were worn out from an overtime tussle with Ogden the previous night and lacked the ability to make short baskets. Mel Kennedy led the scoring for Uni High; while Jay Trost, scoring baskets and a pair of free tosses, was the "Big shot" for Tolono.

UNI HIGH AT LONG VIEW, FEB. 17, 1933

Although Long View won this game by rather a large score, the game was much harder fought than the score indicates. The Uni High players were greatly handicapped by the small floor at Long View, and it was due to many shots hitting the ceiling that the score was not much closer.

Joe Wooters, by making four baskets for a total of eight points was high scorer for the Uni High five. Don Boudreau was next with two baskets and one free throw. For Long View, Charlie Smith who made 16 points seemed to have the best luck hitting the basket. Harold Fonner was close behind with seven field goals.

FISHER AT UNI HIGH, FEB. 18, 1933

Uni High played excellent basketball for one quarter; but before the half was over the boys showed the strain of their previous night's game with Long View. Fisher easily won in the second half by a lopsided 37 to 17 count.

Mel Kennedy was high scorer for the Orange and Blue with two baskets for a total of four points. Don Boudreau and Hap Houlihan were next in line with three points apiece. For Fisher, Meneely was high scorer with four baskets and two charity tosses. Captain Cagle was close behind with four baskets for a total of eight points.

The game was slow and uninteresting due to the strain of previous night's games on both teams.

FOOSLAND AT UNI HIGH, FEB. 27, 1933

The Orange and Blue defeated Foosland by the score of 49 to 14 for the second win of the season. Uni High was slow in getting started, so the second team was given a chance to show what they could do. They began a scoring spree which did not let up until the final whistle.

Del Harms was the outstanding player on both teams, scoring nine field goals and four free throws for a total of twenty-two points. Captain Taylo made three field goals for Foosland.

MANSFIELD AT UNI HIGH, FEB. 25, 1933

This game was one of the worst played games of the year from Uni High's standpoint. The Orange and Blue cagers could do nothing effectively; and after a very poor exhibit of basketball, Mansfield came out on top with a 17 to 8 victory.

Beanie Edwards, Mansfield's star six-foot-four-inch center, dominated the evening's play. The big center received passes under the basket to score four field goals and a couple of charity tosses to win high scoring honors. Although no Uni High player was very outstanding, Mel Kennedy played perhaps the best game, scoring two field goals and one free toss.

ST. JOE BEATS UNI HIGH 23 TO 18, MARCH 3, 1933

Uni High lost a thrilling contest to St. Joe in the closing minutes of the game. St. Joe, led by Bud Swearingen, easily broke through Uni High's defense in the final minutes to overtake an Orange and Blue lead and score four baskets, winning the game.

It was a close game, and neither team could gain any advantage until the final canto. Early in the fourth quarter the Uni High team held a three point lead and seemed destined finally to win a ball game, but it became excited and allowed St. Joe to break through the defense and score the winning baskets.

Bud Swearingen led St. Joe by accumulating eleven points. Mel Kennedy led the scoring for Uni High by making two baskets and five free throws for a total of nine points.

DISTRICT TOURNAMENT

Uni High surprised many local fans by beating Philo in the first game of the District Tournament at Urbana by a 25 to 24 score. This was one of the most thrilling games of the entire tournament. The game was not decided until the final seconds of play.

Don Smith is the boy we shall remember in this game, for it was he who sank the basket that gave Uni High a victory in the final seconds of play. Stockwill was the high scorer of the game making five field goals and two charity tosses. Don Fiscus was the star for Philo sinking four field goals and two free throws for a total of ten points.

Uni High made a strong bid for further competition in the tournament but weakened in the final quarter to allow St. Joe to win its third game of the year from the Orange and Blue cagers by an 18 to 13 score. The game was quite even throughout the first half, the score at half time being tied 5 to 5. In the final quarter Earl Swearingen broke through the Uni High defense twice to score baskets which provided St. Joe with the five point margin of victory.

Ronald Stockwill played a brilliant game for Uni High and won high scoring honors with three baskets and two free throws. Earl Swearingen, the diminutive St. Joe forward, was outstanding for the scoring of three baskets and one charity toss for his team.

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Bill: "I asked Annamarie if I could see her home last night."

Mel: "What did she say?"

Bill: "She said she'd send me a picture of it."

Alice: "I am positive I'm going to Ward-Belmont."

Dick: "What's that, a show?"

Mr. Harnish: "What is the greatest contribution of chemistry to the world?"

Bob DeWolf: "Blondes."

John: "How do you spell *financially?*"

Joe: "*F-i-n-a-n-c-i-a-l-l-y.* And there are two r's in embarrassed."

Algernon: "Fancy this, Percy: 'A chap here thinks that a basketball coach has four wheels.' "

Percy: "Haw, haw! And how many wheels has the bully thing?"

Papa Putnam: "When I was your age, I thought nothing of a ten-mile walk."

Doris: "Well, I don't think much of it, either."

Carlyn: "Oh, Joe, I've been stung by a wasp! Quick, put some ammonia on it!"

Joe: "I can't; it's gone."

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Mr. Gullette: "What do they call the instrument the French use for beheading people?"

Louise: "The Gullette, I think."

Peggy: "Thinking of me?"

Mel: "Was I laughing? I'm so sorry."

Mr. Harnish: "What is the formula for sodium chloride, James?"

James Rounds (looking at the bottle): "C. P." (Chemically pure.)

First Freshman: "Did you have flu as bad as I did? I was out three weeks."

Second Freshman: "I had it much worse than that. I had it in the holidays."

Mr. Hamilton: "A car? Of course, you can't have a car. Why you would be absolutely helpless if you found yourself with a flat tire."

Alice: "Oh, no, I wouldn't, Daddy. I've given flat tires the air before this."

Miss Rosenthal: "Can you give me some examples of a collective noun?"

Warren Smith: "Herd, swarm, crowd, vacuum cleaner——"

Big City Snob: "What a little school you have here. Truly, one half of the world is ignorant of how the other half lives."

Georgialee: "Not in this school, mister; not in this school."

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Louise: "How do you like this picture?"

Jerry: "Hm—it might be worse."

Louise: "I hope you will withdraw that statement."

Jerry: "Very well; it could not be worse."

Miss Smith: "Why the quotation marks on your exam paper?"

Lewis Williams: "Courtesy to the man on my left."

Mrs. Wilson: "What happened in 1875?"

Little Boy: "Luther was born."

Mrs. Wilson: "What happened in 1879?"

Little Boy: "Luther was four years old."

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Joke Editor: "Do you know any jokes for the U & I?"

Mr. Holmes: "No, but I can give you my picture."

Elinor: "Betty, how did you get such red hair?"

Betty W.: "I washed it, and it got rusty before it dried."

Charles O'Dell: "There were 60,000 people in Springfield last Saturday."

Mark Fisher: "What for?"

Charles: "They live there."

Mrs. Sullivan: "Mr. Habberton, are you looking up more words for your class discussions you conducted yesterday?"

Mr. Habberton: "No, I'm just translating that one."

Margaret Kunz (reviewing): "I'm not sure just what John Paul Jones did."

Georgialee: "Well, *you* ought to know."

Office Boy: "There's a salesman outside with a mustache."

Executive: "Tell him I've got a mustache."

Senior Guide: "This is a skyscraper."

Sub-Freshman: "Oh, my! I'd love to see it work."

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Mrs. Wakeley: "What is the meaning of those zeros on your paper?"

Gil: "Nothing."

Kitty: "I think Norma Shearer is the best looking actress on the screen."

Charlotte: "Oh, that's sheer nonsense."

John: "Say, do you know when it's spring?"

Doris: "I'll bite. What is it?"

John: "It's when Doc Beard takes off his red flannels."

Mr. Harnish (one spring day): "It isn't the heat, it's the stupidity."

Margaret Kunz: "Has Bob taken pictures of the basketball boys—in their basketball suits and all?"

Mary Edna: "Oh, yes, all in their poses."

Anxious mother: "But, professor, you simply can't let her flunk. We've already bought her graduation dress."

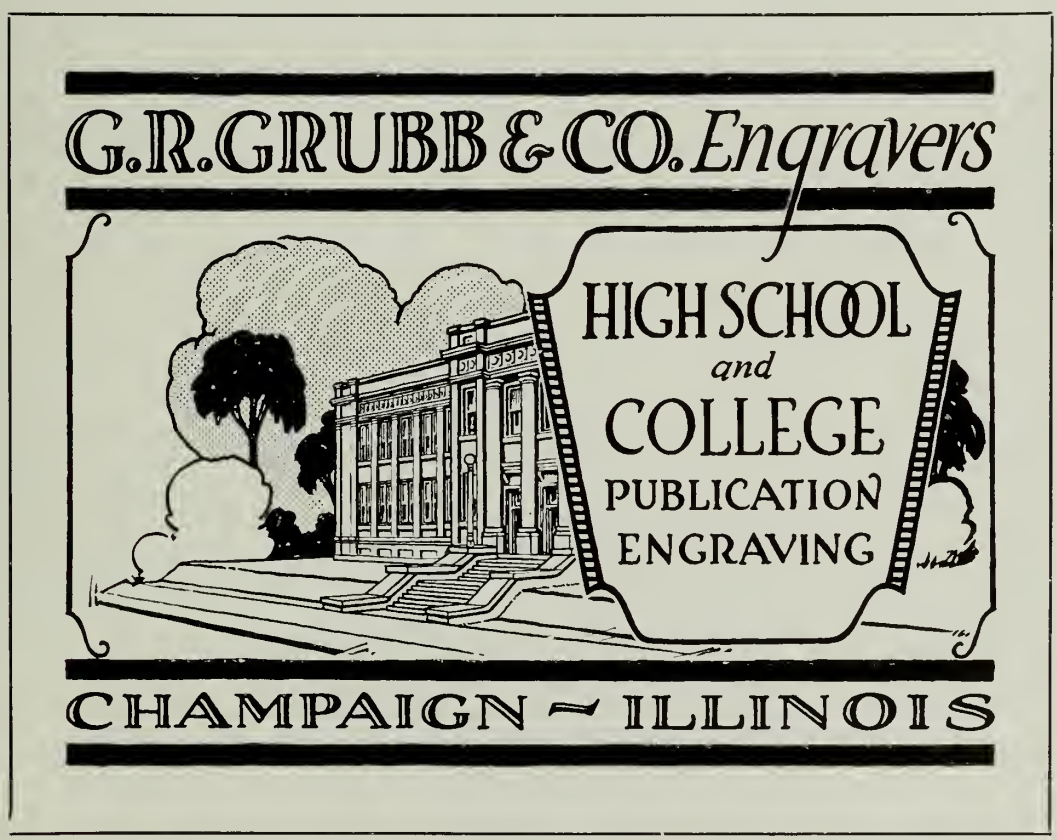
Charles Schlatter: "You stole my Austin—you pick-pocket!"

Arthur Lewis: "They say that flying above 5,000 feet is like medicine to some folks."

Richard Noyes: "A virulent poison, I should say."

Arthur: "Why?"

Richard: "One drop will kill you."



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A long farewell to all my greatness!

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The tender leaves of hopes; tomorrow blossoms,

And bears his blushing honours thick upon him.

—SHAKESPEARE.

AUTOGRAPHS